CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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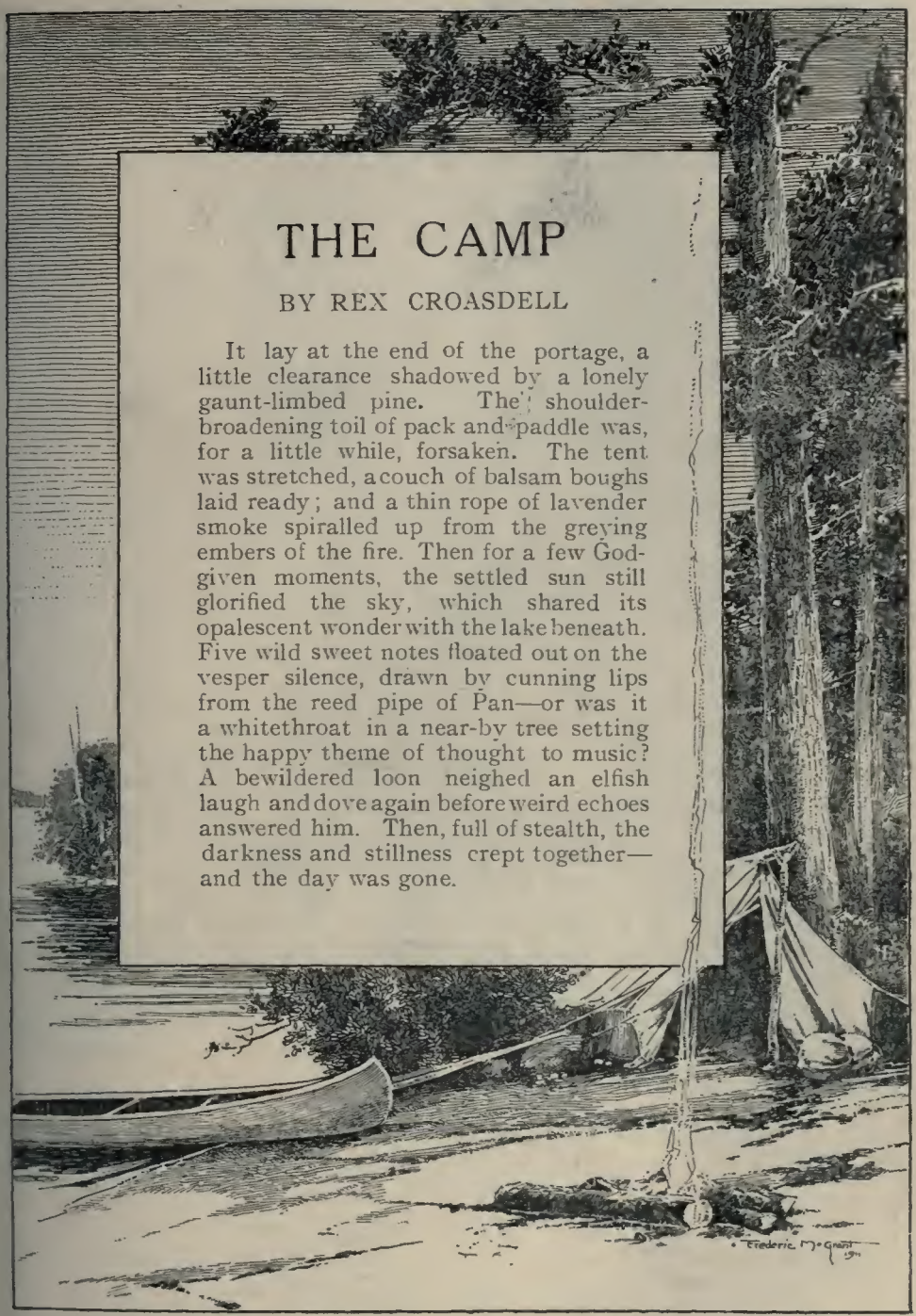

THE CAMP

BY REX CROASDELL

It lay at the end of the portage, a little clearance shadowed by a lonely gaunt-limbed pine. The shoulder-broadening toil of pack and paddle was, for a little while, forsaken. The tent was stretched, a couch of balsam boughs laid ready; and a thin rope of lavender smoke spiralled up from the greying embers of the fire. Then for a few God-given moments, the settled sun still glorified the sky, which shared its opalescent wonder with the lake beneath. Five wild sweet notes floated out on the vesper silence, drawn by cunning lips from the reed pipe of Pan—or was it a whitethroat in a near-by tree setting the happy theme of thought to music? A bewildered loon neighed an elfish laugh and dove again before weird echoes answered him. Then, full of stealth, the darkness and stillness crept together—and the day was gone.

"SAY YOU CARE—SAY IT NOW," HE WHISPERED. "THEY'LL BE COMING BACK IN A MINUTE"

To accompany The Scarlet Strand—see page 201

CANADA MONTHLY

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THE HERMIT.

Prophets for Profit

BEING THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A THREE-PART ARTICLE ON PROPHECY

By William Dunseith Eaton

THE orthodox religionist accepts prophecy as basic to his faith, resting everything upon what the prophets of Israel gave out. The most advanced thinker admits its possibility, as part of a new understanding, now forming. The vast majority, occupying space between these, believe in it because they want to, that want being a blind expression of a deeply implanted sense of superior things, common to human kind. In what here follows, I will show that the power of prophecy is extant still, as it has been since man emerged upon the plane of superanimal thought.

It is a curious field, more than any other inclusive of all shades and qualities of mind. It is my purpose to disclose its three main divisions, beginning with that which takes in the baser forms, passing to the next higher and less spurious, and going on to the last we can know anything about so long as we are cumbered with flesh.

The subject is serious. Though its least worthy sides have grotesque lights which I cannot blink, its final consideration approaches immortal things, and here we must tread with caution, if not with reverence.

I mean to cite definite instances of prophecy fulfilled. In doing that, I will use dates, and names of people and places. Should question arise as to any of these, I will be prepared to answer.

Have you never had your fortune told? If you have not, you are exceptional in the entire human race. Fortune telling is common to all sorts and conditions, all races and all climes. And it is easy, for two reasons: the

listener wants to take it in; and the teller has superlative advantages in the matter of method, which is based upon easily mastered formulae. These two elements work together for success, and what they lack is readily supplied by a little ingenuity and a general knowledge of human nature.

Anyone can tell fortunes, and it is not bad fun. Moreover, it is an accomplishment that creates a demand for those who have it. I am going to show how it is done—how to "read the future" with cards, in the palm, or by the stars. These three are the most familiar ways. Let us begin with the cards, and a personal experience by way of illustration.

"DOLLAR OR FIFTY CENTS"

The house had once been a respectable house in a good neighborhood, but encroaching shops and shifting social centres had left it saddening into shabbiness. A faint memory of original dignity glowering through its grime was nullified by a shameless old card in one of the windows, blaring about furnished rooms.

A pull at a handle related by wire to a violent bell inside produced a pallid woman of forty or upward, with washed-out eyes and an odor of stale cookery, who admitted the truth of the sign on the door and said she was disengaged, and would read for me.

The personal and depressing history this weird sister presently unwound matched her dim and dingy back parlor. She had just been done to the amount of one dollar and sixty cents in respect of a nickel telephone installed by order of a lodger who forgot to pay for it when he went away; and that was only the latest item in a long list of wrongs, beginning when her husband had faded from view, years ago, after sinking "all her money" in a dreamy patent. She whined the dark grey tale without a stop until she had reverted to and bitterly disposed of the telephone company. Then and with disconcerting abruptness she produced a deck of cards and asked mournfully

"Dollar or fifty cents?"

thought you were clairvoyant," said I.

"I am, but I give you clairvoyance with the cards. They fixes my attention, so's I can see things clairvoyant. Dollar or fifty cents?"

It appeared I could get a whole life reading for a dollar, and the immediate future for half as much. The cheapest was undoubtedly the best because the briefest, and I chose it. Her disappointment spat itself out in the curt asperity,

"Cutnwish twicet."

I was to be finished off sharply. I was not the whole dollar I looked.

But I cut and wished, and she dealt the cards faces up in about the form of a Greek cross, with a few outliers at regular spaces, and then she began:

I would soon go on a journey toward water and it would be on a business matter that would turn out pretty well but not so well as I would expect and I was very quick to see things and my first impressions were generally correct though I often changed them and was sorry for it afterward and a dark lady was coming into my life but I must beware of an elderly man of wealth who would make me a proposition that would turn out bad and I must be very careful about him because he was a smooth talker but very deceitful and maybe I didn't know him yet but I soon would and I was surrounded with papers in a business deal and there was a letter coming from a long distance with good news and I would inherit money in a few years but I was going to lose something in a few days and there was a death of some near relation pretty soon and if I did not take care I would have a bad sickness myself and this dark lady would be very jealous of a fair-haired woman not

quite a blonde but kinda brown-haired that was very fonda me and I must beware of accidents on water and would have a narrow escape from injury to my legs or feet in a railway accident or maybe it might be a trolley-car and my mind was too active so I might have brain fever if I didn't look out—and so on to the value of a half dollar, which I gave up on the cue "that's all."

The system employed by this lady was very simple, and her reading was glib. It is almost a certainty that her clients find her work satisfactory. The many inexpensive boarding houses near by would indicate their kind, which is receptive, and leans toward confidential relations, and comes often and believes all it can. Being somewhat sophisticated myself, it touched me not at all. With one less prepared or in real earnest it would have been different. And this is to be considered: Where so many fortunes are told, a fact must some time be hit upon, and one such hit, to an eager mind, will wipe out many failures. Most minds are eager.

Not long ago, in a strange town and a moment of leisure, I suffered myself to be drawn for two dollars by reason of a large sign that said Madame Somethingorother was a card reader and a "medium." She was fat and fluent, in a soiled kimono, and the first thing she said to me was,

"My religion won't let me touch money."

To avert that contamination she extended a battered puff-box and told me to

"Put two dollars in that, but don't touch my fingers with it."

The box with the two dollars was put on a mantelpiece, where she could see it out of the tail of her eye. She spread a deck of cards and looked at them, and shivered into a trance. (A good many card readers do that. It is impressive.)

Out of the trance came a baby voice in an Indian patter, prophesying things that were not so and would have mattered very little anyway. Ten minutes of this and the "mejee" lady shivered out of her trance, looked at the puff-box and sighed absently.

"Was it all right?" she asked.

Lying freely, I said it was. She dumped the puff-box into the drawer of a dresser.

"You see," she said, "money is such a filthy curse. It dirties everything it touches."

The merit of this was its newness to me.

WHY PROPHETS ARE DOG-POOR

I used to wonder how it was all these prophets were so dog-poor. If they could prophesy for and give lifesaving advice to others, why did they all dwell along the squalor line? One of them explained this. She was a nice, motherly woman, who kept her consultation room fragrantly warm in winter with an oil stove.

"Doctors don't treat themselves when they're sick. They go to another doctor. I can see everything for you, but I can't see anything for myself, just like a doctor can't. When I don't know what to do, I go to Mrs. Sonso. She's great. And I read for her, too. I see her every week."

From which it would appear that piloting others across this sea of troubles by no means assures the pilot immunity from seasickness. Being a prophet is not all roses and jam.

I quote this one to bring out that point, and to show another curious thing. They get so deeply into their own game that they believe in it themselves. Most of them go so far as to make it a sort of cult. How much there was back of the refusal to touch money (as above) I had no time for finding out, but I've no doubt the lady had a system of belief that would have paralyzed a con man or appalled a pagan.

There are cards made especially for fortune-telling, bearing strange devices, but none of these has any more meaning than ordinary cards. All systems are variants of one fixed set of principles, and these are open to all comers. It is necessary only to attach a definite meaning to each card and

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THE ABSOLUTE KEY TO OCCULT SCIENCE. IN THIS MYSTIC SYMBOL ALL WISDOM IS INCORPORATED AND THE BOOK OF THE WORLD IS LAID OPEN TO TRUE BELIEVERS

then read those meanings from the cards as they lie on the table after dealing, blending the meaning of one card into the meaning of the next, from left to right, or the reverse. If these meanings are identified in the court cards with people light or dark, young or old, and in the spot cards with such affairs as journeys, meetings, disappointments, losses, love, enmity, letters, money matters, and so on, and if the reader will memorize them, it will be found that any arrangement will yield a story that will at some point fit the case of any sitter; and being touched upon any one point, the sitter will unwittingly help out the reading by trying to find application for others.

A clever reader, quick at blending the influence of the cards, and rising to the hints or queries of the sitter, can pull off a success every time. The effect is heightened by getting the sitter to "cut and wish," and in a well-devised system any oddity of dealing—as first from the top and then the bottom—or any intricate sequence of placing the cards, helps out.

There are three cards that keep the same meanings in nearly all systems: the ace of spades means death; the ace of hearts means love; the ace of diamonds means money. Some one of the court cards usually means the sitter, but in the shrewdest and most complete of all, "dukkeripen," employed by the gipsies for at least two hundred years, the sitter is not represented by any particular card, because all the cards refer solely to him; and the aces have other meanings. In this gypsy system, the sitter is first asked to draw three cards blindly, with a silent wish, and these three cards are kept faces down until the reading is over, when the wish is determined by their prevailing color—red being favorable, black unfavorable. The other forty-nine cards, after being dealt, are reduced to twenty-one by a rigid process of rejection. Twenty-one is the product of the two mystic numbers, three and seven, and therefore is the number of highest mystic power. The twenty-one cards are arranged in seven rows of three cards each. Every card having its own meaning, and each being influenced by all the others, and the whole fifty-two meanings being about enough to cover the entire domain of human affairs, it is easy to understand that a story is sure to be developed by any cast of them, and that such a story is practically certain to touch somewhere

upon the life or interests of a sitter.

There is a reprint of an old book describing the dukkeripen. It is called "The Square of Sevens," and I think it may be had at any well stocked book shop, or found in reference libraries. A week's study of that book would make an adept.

The deck is sometimes called "the oldest book in the world." About twelve years ago a pseudo religion grew up around a declaration that it was a survival of prehistoric knowledge, now degraded to base uses. The old meanings were supposed to have been rediscovered, and the teachings made of the pack a new bible, with its page for each of the fifty-two weeks in the year, its red for light and goodness, its black for darkness and evil, its king, queen and knave for Osiris, Isis and Horus (I prefer naming that trinity), its four suites for the four seasons, and its other cards for days, and times, and the shades of fortune from good to bad. It is doubtful whether the eccentricities of new thought ever presented a stranger spectacle than the followers of that belief swallowing their poker-gospel in perfect good faith, and pitying those who declined the bolus. I have only to add that they, too, could read past, present and future from the familiar spots and faces, quite as the weird sister of the shabby street would, and probably just as well.

YOUR FATE IN YOUR FINGERS

Palmistry has always appealed to the curious. It is convenient, since by its theory everyone carries his fortune at the ends of his arms, and the two hands are open tablets whereon the tale of life and character lies legible. Of late it has had a revival, equally keen among high and low. The police, with dense authority, have closed a few of its public temples, but lesser chapels still dispense its consolations, unabated, and many women in private life pursue its practice with the aid of books not yet shut from the mails. The gypsies are always in evidence, restless and shifty, and drumming business at cut rates. Polychromatic gypsy women will stop you as you walk and read your hand for a dime.

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THE CHART OF THE HAND, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTS, REGIONS, PHALANGES AND LINES, ACCORDING TO HINDU PALMISTRY

A learned palmist will claim that his art is not an art really, but a science, formulated upon facts determined through comparative observation long continued: and that these facts are constant.

It is not to be denied that character is expressed in the hands, perhaps more certainly than in other features. Shakespeare tells us "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face," and we all know that brazen falsehood will stare innocent truth

out of countenance any day; but it takes a pretty hardened liar to lie without closing and unclosing or twitching his hands, no matter how squarely he may look you in the eyes. Most of us speak with the hands. An actor uses his almost as much as he uses his lips. In decay of the powers, especially in paresis, one of the sure signs is a failing ability to convey meaning with the fingers. Lear complained of it, pathetically.

Palmistry reads character in the shape of the hands, the fingers and the finger-nails, but finds its records of events, past and to come, in the lines that cross the palm. It takes account of those creases which are caused by flexure, though these are found in the hands of babies and of monkeys; but it reads its details in the lesser marks that radiate from or cross them, in "stars" and "squares" and "triangles," and in the direction of lines toward the cushions, or the base of this or that finger. Special lines have special significances, and some of these are queer.

I found not long since, in the hand of a woman, the wife of a prominent newspaperman, a sign I never had seen in any hand before. It was a loop at the beginning of what is called the fate line, just above the wrist, at the lower edge of the palm.

"That mark," said I, "breaks up the system, because it can't be right in your case."

She asked me why, and I told her it spelled a mystery of birth—to put it mildly. She gave me a strange look.

"Then it's right," she said. "I never knew who my father and mother were. I was a foundling."

So far as I was concerned, that was a fluke, but she shied me afterward as against the chance that I was a wizard.

HER UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

Which reminds me of the experience of another woman, unmarried, and herself a clever amateur palmist, who dropped into a place where the window was stuck full of pictures of hands with fingers spread out, and got as much stunning information as the weird-sister-in-charge could cram into fifteen minutes. Most of it related to her "husband," and an impending break with that non-existent gentleman, but some of it concerned one living child and another dead one. Considering her spinsterhood, this was well worth the fifty cents she paid for it. The sister had gone into erroneous particulars after she had given out the usual reading of the life and head and heart lines (the lines of flexure), through putting a question in the form of a statement:

"You are not living with your husband now?"

The reply was a startled negative, and from that point on the palmist "fished" and was not denied.

The trouble with her was, she belonged to a class that "on the winking of authority will understand a law." Her blunder would have not been made by an expert. The lines that are supposed to indicate love affairs do not necessarily mean marriage, for the palm is not a parish register, even conceding it to be a personal record. They originate in the larger cushion at the base of the thumb, and either extend to, or beyond, or are broken short of the heart or the head line. The mark at a breaking-point indicates the nature of the break—whether it be referable to death, quarrel or divorce. My friend had a broken line, ending half way across the palm. Also she had once suffered a severe disappointment, but never (absit omen!) marriage. The blunder about children was of a kind commonly encountered. The fine short lines that curve around the inner edge of the palm at the end of the heart line are often supposed to represent the number of children, whereas

they are due to flexure merely. Children show up in other marks, but I will ask you to go to the books for these without any guarantee that the books know what they are talking about.

Quite another kind of experience was reported in the newspapers recently where a Scandinavian client tried to elude payment of a fee for a palm-reading. The reader (a perfect lady, what?) turned the sitting into an athletic event, from which the client emerged with a broken scalp, and in the hands of the police.

"Ay ban mak complant on hem," said the lady. "Hay ban yump mai pay."

I really would like to know whether she had seen in his hand the sign of an imminent abrasion of the head. In that case it certainly came true.

All that is necessary is to get a book that has a chart of the lines in it. There are dozens of these books on sale everywhere, but the smallest and cheapest should be preferred. Compare the chart with your own hands until you have fixed the lines and their names in your memory. Thus equipped, and with a little guessing, it is easy to give a reading that will satisfy any but an expert or a hardened case. It is best never to be too positive, but to feel your way. The sitter will stretch both memory and probability to help you out; and if you find yourself on the verge of error, a little quick thinking will save you. Your chief care should be to steer away from anything that might work harm, for most people will believe what they are told, no matter what they say about it, and this belief may have an influence upon subsequent acts. And be very careful you don't get to believing too much yourself.

Above all, do not let it be too widely known that you know palmistry. If you do, every commonplace creature you meet will come at you with hand outstretched and the entreaty,

"O, won't you please read my palm? O, come! Please do, now. I know you can."

Don't blame them. A man or woman living the least eventful and dullest of lives is most of all things intensely concerned with that life, and constitutionally ignorant of its unimportance. Ego and hope sit in the arcana of such as they, even as with the great. "There was never a cricket that chirped in a hedge," says Eden Phillpott, "that to itself was not the pivot of the universe."

STARS THAT RUN WALL STREET

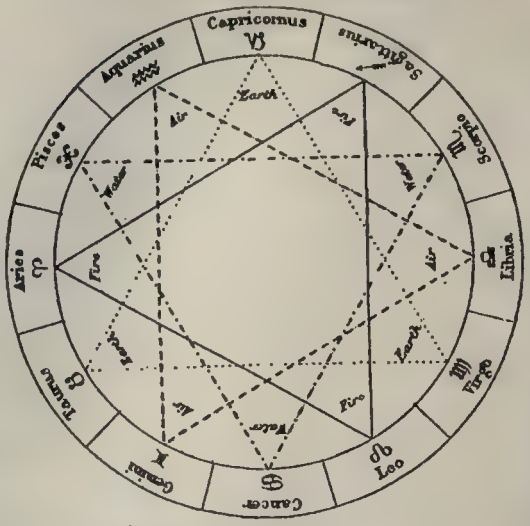
"Armand de Richelieu," says the Cardinal in the play, "dies not by the hand of man. The stars have said it, and the voice of my own prophet and oracular soul confirms the shining sybils."

Carlyle says respect is due to any belief that has held the earnest attention of any considerable number of people for any length of time. If that is right, astrology cannot be regarded with complete contempt.

Applied astrology has at this hour an intimate bearing upon the lives of whole races and nations. It is a possession of the Orient still, as it has been for ages, and the decrees read in the stars are there accepted as final in the destiny of individuals. There would seem to be little doubt that it is the daughter of that ancient astronomy whose scope is even now only beginning to be understood again. It was in turn the mother of modern astronomy. Among the western peoples it is not accepted at the face value of its claims, yet even among these, and with some very hard-headed people, too, it has a degree of belief. Zadkiel's Almanac, published annually in London, is the daily handbook—almost the Bible—of thousands of English-speaking men and women.

Deacon White of New York, a strong figure in Wall Street not so many years back, had his horoscope

figured down to days, and worked by the readings. He "went broke" three times, but always rose again, and paid all he owed. No man in the street was more trusted, yet his astrological leanings were well known. The unbelieving used sometimes to ask him why he went to the bad if he knew what was coming. A crass question, since (admitting his doctrine) he could not escape the inevitable, no matter what he might know of its date ahead. His answer was that while he could not stop disaster he could provide against it to the extent of his ability, and do his best to see that it hit him and not his friends. It is fair to suppose his foreknowledge of or faith in a recovery also helped his cheerfulness and gave him strength. The Deacon was a religious man, and probably found in his Bible quite a bit of authority for his confidence in the planets. Read about Sisera, for instance.



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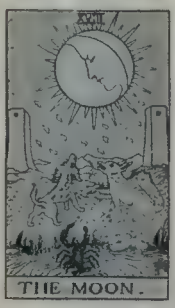
THE ZODIACAL CHART, SHOWING THE TRIAGNGLES AND THE MUNDANE HOUSES, BY WHICH THE RULING OF THE STARS UPON THE FATE OF MORTAL MAN ARE SAID TO BE DETERMINED

He was by no means the only man in Wall Street who consulted astrologers. He was only the one who didn't care who knew it. Most men of affairs who do things like that do them furtively.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A SCOFFER



I once knew a successful stock broker who gave the leisure of his last twenty years of life to studying this subject. He made no secret of his hobby—or rather his belief—for he came to believing, thoroughly. He was a mathematician of considerable skill, quite equal to working out the intricate calculations necessary in a horoscope having any pretense to accuracy. Some of his forecasts are still remembered in the exchange of which he was a member.

One of his scoffers set about to defeat a prediction that on a certain day he would be due for a broken arm or shoulder. That day the scoffer staid in his own sleeping-room, at the front of the second floor of his house. The time passed quietly until about four in the afternoon, when an outrageous piano organ exploded suddenly, squarely before his door. The shock started him with a jump and flushed him with anger. He tore to the window and threw it up to roar the thing away. And the cords of the sash-weight snapped and let the sash down with a rush, and it caught his arm and broke the bone. The ensuant sensation in the exchange was quieted by the obvious explanation of coincidence. What do you think of it, yourself?

The same broker cast my own horoscope once upon a time. Subsequently I got one from Dr. Karl Anderson, a distinctly grocerlike man, with astrological offices in Tremont Street, Boston; and still later another from Albert Pearce, editor of Zadkiel's Almanac aforementioned, in London, and he charged me five guineas, bless his astral heart! The three were alarmingly alike, and I must say I harbor a hope

that their unexpired terms may prove as accurate as those already lived through, for they promised many satisfactory years—and a few particularly poisonous ones, which certainly came along as per schedule.

Astrology takes account only of our own solar system, the reason given being that it is through the close relations of these bodies with the life of and on our earth that the influence which pervades and (so to speak) times the universe is directly extended. Therefore they are taken as controlling all life here. A human life is held to be unalterably determined by the position of the stars at the instant of birth. The influence exerted by different stars being themselves often at apparent cross-purposes, and the positions of all of them changing all the time, whatever is subject to them is also subject to change. But given the positions at any moment, the positions at any subsequent time can be found, and on these changes and their effects the horoscope is worked out.

The higher theory of astrology stands upon the unity of life itself throughout the universe, and the impossibility of changing any part without to that extent affecting the whole, so that the movements of heavenly bodies must necessarily produce change in earthly life.

It goes a little further. It claims that all the planets in our and other systems are held in harmonious balance by the quantity known as magnetism, which fills the spaces and so establishes an absolute and intimate relation not only between the systems and planets themselves, but between all that is in or on them.

Accepting these theories, it is plain that if the scheme is anything it is exact, and that since all the stars are in motion all the time, no nativity cast more than a few seconds—at most a minute—either side of the precise instant of birth, can possibly be right, because all the stars have moved meanwhile.

And yet, give the usual professional astrologer the date of your birth (nothing but the date, mind you) and a piece of money that may be anything from a dime to a dollar, and with a blank zodiacal chart and the help of a handbook called the ephemera he will cast you a horoscope, a reading of the stars.

If you have a fancy for astrology, go to any of the places where they sell "occult literature" (as a matter of fact, it is neither occult nor literary), and get any book that assumes to explain the influence of the zodiac on human life. Then get a handbook of ephemera. Take the two of them home and study them carefully. At the end of a month, if the dippies have not caught you, you will be quite as able to get up a horoscope as any ordinary professional. You needn't buy an astrolabe nor anything more, nor need your friends furnish you other data than the day, month and year on which they first appeared in this terrestrial scene.

And so, while we may hesitatingly yield to astrology some of the respect due to things long believed by many, we are by no means required to give any such thing to the great majority of its professors. The contrary, rather.

THE BEST ADVICE IS "DON'T"

Take it for granted that no forms of fortune-telling in which physical objects are employed are any better than tricks, whatever else they may pretend to be. Don't bother with rappings, nor the moving of tables or chairs. Any furious woman can impart motion to articles of furniture, without resort to occult aid, just as well as any psychic.

This exclusion applies equally to all physical phenomena supposed to proceed from planes of life invisible to our eyes. It may not be impossible to raise up such apparitions as that one seen by Saul, but if they come they will

have nothing to say—nothing worth hearing. And the production of writing on locked slates, the reading of sealed letters, and all of the dozens of performances by which so many slippery people live and so many honest people are impressed, have time and again been shown for what they are—jugglery, more or less well or badly done.

Do any of them excel the work of Kellar or Maskelyne? Or even if we admit the possibility of occasional genuineness, how is it to be known? Who can tell where jugglery stops and the genuine begins? Many of the tricks are ingenious and pass for wonders because they are not seen through. Of course not. A trick that could be seen through would not be worth the doing.

Departed intelligences are freely believed to speak in seances and dark circles where people go for word from the beyond, and for prophecy; but if we could put together all such messages the discouraging conviction would force itself home that if they are what they are said to be the wisest of men become drooling fools when they die.

* * * *

As to clairvoyance and its claims, quite another field is opened. Keep out of it. It has nothing that can be taught. It has strange growths, mostly rank, sometimes disgusting, almost always dangerous; yet here and there is a flower unquestionable, though of genus not at this time classified. The mechanical forms I have described offer good amusement. The other, "from this bank and shoal of time would jump the life to come"—and Banquo touched its element of peril when he said,

" 'Tis strange,
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truth;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequents."

We shall live the life that we shall live. "It is our destiny, under the one God," impervious to all our wishes, all our hopes, deflectable only within narrow limits by the exercise of the mysterious power we call Will. It was so from the beginning. The elder ones were wise.

Fortunes tell themselves, relentlessly. in the unswervable Processes. But anyone, by any of the means above set forth, can lift an edge of the curtain just as well as anyone else, short of those who have the gift of real second sight. Concerning that gift, I will show you a mystery.

"The White Crows," the second article of the series. will appear in Canada Monthly for August

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SPINNING SONG

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

On t'other side of the hedge there's many a foot goes free,
I hear them lilting by all day the house of babe and me,
There's one lad whistles as he goes, and one that swings a cane,
And once two whispering lovers kissed each other in the rain.

Ah, dear and dear's my little house; mother and wife am I—
But oh, I wonder where they go, those feet a-lilting by!

The Economy of Timothy Allgood

BY

Frank E. Channon

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK HARTLEY

"IT'S a bloomin' sight too big!" ejaculated Timothy Allgood, as he stood stroking his unshaven chin, and gazing ruefully at the bare room before him.

The room was on the third floor of a London tenement, and outside the shrill cries of the submerged tenth sounded above the roar of the traffic. It was Saturday night, and Whitechapel was endeavoring to drown its misery in drink.

Mr. Timothy Allgood, however, did not drink. "Never touched a drop in me life, sir, and I ain't a-going to now begin," was his frequent boast. For all his abstinence he did not get rich very fast, although a hard-working man and a bachelor. It was a scheme to increase his riches, or rather, to cut down his expenses, that he was now considering. It had dawned on him that the room was too big—unnecessarily big for him—and he was considering the proposition of subletting a part of it.

"Four bob a week," he grunted, discontentedly, "an' me only a-earning fourteen. It's a blooming lot of rot, that's wot it is; I'm a-going to let 'im 'ave a corner of it."

With which resolve, he turned swiftly on his heels and dived through the narrow doorway down the dark stairs. In another five minutes he was in earnest conversation with his possible tenant.

"One corner and a bob a week," he announced, as his final terms, after considerable bargaining.

"There's two on us—me an' me little cripple brother. 'E'll stay 'most all the day an' 'e'll take care on the room for you, so a bob's all that it's worth—you only pays four, anyway."

"It don't make no odds wot *I* pays. Will *you* agree to pay a bob a week, or won't you?"

"I'll pay that, but not a farthing more," conceded Tom Bailey, the prospective tenant. "Here's your fust bob," he continued; then, as an afterthought, "There ain't no more in there, be there?"

"W'ere?"

"In your room, a-course."

"No, there ain't no more—not now," added Timothy, a sudden idea striking him.

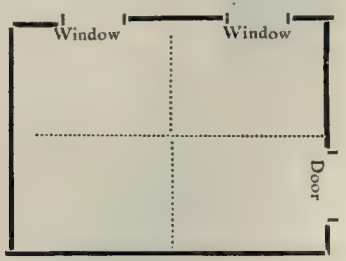
"Be you a-going to 'ave any more, then?"

"Not as I knows on now, but it won't make no difference to you; they won't be in your corner."

The matter did not seem to worry Tom Bailey much, for he did not pursue the subject further. His words had, however opened Timothy's eyes. Why should he not rent other parts of the room? There were four corners in that room. He occupied one, Tom and his crippled brother would take another, but there remained two more. Why not rent these two? He could get, perhaps, a shilling for each corner, thus reducing his own rent to one shilling, instead of four—or three, as it would be with Tom Bailey in.

No sooner was the idea conceived than it was acted upon.

When Tom Bailey stumbled up the narrow stairs, with his crippled brother in his arms, he discovered the room was neatly divided into four parts by a painted white line, thus:



"Look out!" shouted Timothy, excitedly, "I just painted it; it ain't dry yet."

"Wot the blazes is it?" demanded Tom.

"It's a blooming line to divide your corner from mine, and the other tenants," announced Timothy, solemnly.

"You said there wasn't goin' to be no other coves 'ere," accused Tom.

"I said there wasn't, and there ain't, but there's a-going to be, an' if you don't like it, you can lump it, Tom Bailey; it ain't nothing to do wid you —you'll 'ave your corner all to yourself."

"Oh, I ain't a-saying nothing, but I'm just a-wondering wot corner I'm a-going to 'ave," responded Tom, cheerfully.

"Well, being as you're first lodger, you can 'ave your pick," and Timothy waved his hand, in a generous sweep, indicative that Tom might take his choice of the world and the fullness thereof.

"I ain't a-going to 'ave the door corner," decisively announced Tom.

"Fur w'y not?" demanded Timothy.

"D' you think I'm a-going to 'ave the other lodgers a-tramping over me like I was cattle hat hall 'ours hof the night?"

"Well, say w'ich you'll 'ave and a-done wid it," requested Tim.

"'Ave you picked your'n yet?" enquired Tom, with a crafty glance at his landlord.

"I 'ave," admitted Timothy.

"An' w'ich may it be, may I ax?"

"I'm takin' the near winder one."

"That was the one I was a-thinkin' o' gettin'."

"Hof course," commented Timothy sarcastically.

"But bein' as you 'ave it, I'll take the fur winder one, then," concluded Tom, suiting the action to the word, but stepping gingerly over the freshly painted lines, and depositing his brother in his corner.

His little bit of furniture was lifted in, and thus they rested that night.

And the next day was Sunday. That, however, did not prevent Timothy from bringing in another prospective tenant during the day.

"A bob a week, an' your pick of the only two remainin' corners," observed the landlord. "Me an' Mister Bailey 'ave the two winder corners."

"A BOB A WEEK, AN' YER PICK OF THE ONLY TWO REMAININ' CORNERS," OBSERVED THE LANDLORD

"I'll take the fur inside one, then," observed the newcomer.

"The door 'un'd be nice an' easy-like," suggested Timothy.

"Too durned easy-like," agreed Jake, the new tenant. "Hi ain't no door mat; Hi've lived in rooms afore."

"'Ave w'ich you likes, then."

"An' that's the inside 'un."

"You're on; give us the bob."

The bargain was struck, and the money handed over. Next evening, Mr. Jake Billings took possession of his new apartment.

By the following Saturday Timothy had secured the last tenant, and all corners of his room were full. He had expected to encounter some difculty in persuading the latest comer that the door corner was a desirable position, but to his surprise, Mr. William Hemmings raised no objection; his only stipulation being that a receipt should be given him.

"HEY, THERE, 'AVE YOU LET THAT CORNER TO A DAWG, THE NAWSTY BRUTE?" ENQUIRED MR. JAKE BILLINGS

"Hi'll pay in hadvance fur a week—'ere's the bob. Now, give me a receipt," he requested.

"Hi got the bob an' you got the corner—wot more do you want?" demanded Timothy.

"Hi wants a receipt," reiterated Mr. Hemmings.

Laboriously Timothy wrote out an acknowledgment at the new tenant's dictation:

Received of Mr. William Hemmings one (1) shilling in payment of rent for his corner—the one near the door—in my room at 72 Jaw's Court, from Saturday night, September 17th, to the next Saturday night, September 24th. Signed, Timothy Allgood.

"There, I 'opes you're satisfied," growled the landlord, as he rested from his labors.

"Hi ham," said the tenant, with decision. "Hi'll move in ter night."

Saturday is always a late night in the East End, so it occasioned no surprise to the other three tenants when their latest room-mate did not appear by the time they were all ready to retire. It did, however, occasion considerable surprise when on awakening at half-past six Sunday morning, Mr. Timothy Allgood discovered instead of the slumbering form of his new tenant, a bow-legged, bloody-eyed specimen of a bulldog gazing at him with quickened interest.

"Well, hi'm blowed!" he ejaculated, and his exclamation aroused Mr. Bailey, who echoed: "Hi'll be blowed!"

"Hey, there, 'ave you let that corner to a dawg, the nawsty brute?" enquired Mr. Jake Billings, arousing about this time.

"No," repudiated Timothy, indig-

nantly, "Hi ain't let it to a dawg—I let it to Mr. Hemmings, wot works for the city of nights."

"Then 'ow'd 'e get there?" demanded Mr. Billings, pointing one damning finger at the canine occupant of the corner.

The answer came from a voice that sounded near the top of the stairs: "Because Hi put 'im in there," and the form of Mr. Hemmings darkened the doorway. "Hain't Hi got a right ter put 'im in there?" he demanded, glaring around the room. "Hit's my corner."

"That may be," admitted Timothy, taking up the argument, "but other folks has rights in this room, you remember that, Mister Hemmings, an' no one wants ter pass by with that nawsty dog a-sittin' there a-grinding his teeth, so ter speak."

"Well, no one ain't asted yer ter pass by," retorted Mr. Hemmings.

"No, they ain't asted ter, but they got ter, to get ter the stairs," argued Mr. Billings.

"Well, they ain't goin' ter pass through 'ere," decisively stated Mr. Hemmings. "Pete'll see to that, won't yer, Pete?"

Pete's reply was low and unintelligible to the rest of the tenants, but apparently it was satisfactory to Mr. Hemmings, for he nodded his head, and said: "There, Hi told yer so."

"Look ye 'ere!" shouted Timothy, assuming as much dignity as his somewhat tattered nightshirt would permit, "You just stop all this 'ere foolin', Bill Hemmings, an' take that dawg away; we all got ter get hout o' 'ere an' get some breakfast."

"Hi ain't a-goin' ter stop yer from goin' hout ter get yer breakfast, but yer ain't a-coming through my corner to get hout," announced Mr. Hemmings, with great force.

"'Ow can anyone get hout without they passes through your corner?" pertinently questioned Timothy.

"That ain't my business," disclaimed Mr. Hemmings. "Look ye 'ere, Timothy, 'ave Hi rented this 'ere corner, or ain't I? I says as I 'ave, an' Hi got a receipt ter say as Hi ain't a-lyin', an' Hi says as no one else ain't got no right in this 'ere corner 'cept me, an' Hi'm a-going ter see as they don't, an' w'en Hi ain't 'ere, Pete'll look after it—Now, wot yer gotter say ter that?"

Mr. Hemmings stopped and rested, out of breath with his elocutionary effort, while the other three tenants stood aghast at the audacity of the man, and for a full minute no one spoke. Then, as if urged by some common impulse, all three began to dress in hot haste. Evidently there was going to be something doing, and if so, it was well to be clothed. From the security of their corner, Mr. Hemmings and Pete watched the operation with a calmness that was bred of supreme confidence.

"Now, watchu goin' ter do?" he enquired, when all three were dressed and stood facing him.

"We're a-goin' hout ter get our breakfast," voiced Timothy.

"Not much you ain't,' demurred Mr. Hemmings, "Watch 'em, Pete!"

Pete watched them, and the three watched Pete, but no one moved.

"Thought you was a-goin' hout," observed the door tenant, pleasantly.

"You call hoff that dawg, an' let us pass," commanded Timothy, with great dignity.

Mr. Hemmings ignored the remark, merely instructing his dog: "Pete, don't yer let no one trespass in my corner."

Pete winked one bloodshot eye, and cocked his ears.

The three retired for consultation.

"The thing is this," pointed out Mr. Hemmings, "Hi've paid my money fur this 'ere corner, and you bin an' let it ter me, so it's mine until next Saturday night, come midnight, an' if any on you trespasses on it, Hi'll 'ave the law on yer—that is," he added, a grim smile playing around the corners of his mouth, "if Pete don't get yer first."

For a full hour the wordy battle went on, but Mr. Hemmings was inexorable; he would not relent, neither would Pete allow himself to be enticed away for even a single moment. Then the door tenant appeared to relent somewhat.

"Tell yer wot," he cried, in a sudden burst of generosity, "Hi'll let yer hout fur tuppunce—apiece," he added,

quickly, for fear there should be any misunderstanding about it. "Tuppunce a-piece, an' yer little cripple brother fur nothing, Mr. Bailey."

"Ain't you kind?" snarled Mr. Bailey, savagely, moistening his lips.

But the end of it was they were compelled to come to terms in an hour, when the pangs of hunger drove them to it.

"Put yer tuppunces down there," instructed the victor, indicating the corner near to the wall, and sixpence in coppers was piled up there.

"Now I gives yer permission ter pass through my apartment," he added, and the three filed before him, while he held the eager Pete back.

"We'll be back in ten minutes," Mr. Bailey told his crippled brother.

"TELL YER WOT," HE CRIED IN A SUDDEN BURST OF GENEROSITY, "HI'LL LET YER HOUT PER TUPPENCE—APIECE"

"Yes," repeated Timothy, with a sinister look at Mr. Hemmings, "we'll be back in ten minutes, sure."

"You'll find me an' Pete 'ere ter receive ye," observed Mr. Hemmings, pleasantly, as his co-roomers stamped down the stairs.

They were back in less than ten minutes, and with them came an officer of the law.

"There 'e his! There 'e his!" screamed the three in unison.

"Mornin'," greeted Mr. Hemmings, with a grin. "Got yer breakfast yet?"

"No, we ain't, but we got *you*," shouted Timothy. "That's 'im, officer; take 'im hup! Take 'im hup!"

"'Old 'ard," cautioned the policeman. "Let's see wot 'e's gotter say furst—Wot yer gotter say, eh?"

"Ter wot?" enquired the accused one, blandly.

"Ter not allowin' 'ere chaps ter come hout w'en they wants ter."

"I got a right ter. That ain't no kind o' a charge," demurred Mr. Hemmings. "Look 'ere!" and he proudly exhibited the rent receipt. "Hi 'ave taken this 'ere corner, an' no one else ain't got no right ter trespass, 'ave they?"

Carefully the policeman examined the receipt, while the three awaited his verdict with anxiety.

"You can't do naught ter 'im," he informed them, waving his hand towards the door tenant, "'e's got yer dead."

"But it's disorderly conduct," cried Timothy.

"Hi ain't disorderly," indignantly denied Mr. Hemmings. "Ham Hi, hofficer? Hi'm the most horderly man in town."

"No, you ain't disorderly," admitted the bluecoat.

"But 'ow 're we a-going ter get back there?" demanded the three in horrified unison.

"Blowed if I knows," said the police-

man, shaking his head and turning on his heels.

"Fur tuppunce each," blandly suggested Mr. Hemmings, "yer can each o' you come back in."

The three retired in defeat, and obtained breakfast at a nearby coffee-house. Thus fortified, they returned to the attack.

"Now, look ye 'ere, Bill 'Emmings," blustered Timothy, "'ow long are yer goin' ter carry on with this blooming rot?"

"Hi ain't a-carryin' on no rot," denied the door tenant.

"Then let us in."

"Bet yer a bob I won't."

"Awh, give the bloke 'is tuppunce an' let's get in," urged Mr. Billings, and the end was that a silver sixpence was tossed to the waiting hand of Mr. Hemmings, who promptly pocketed it along with the six coppers, and he was ahead just the amount of his week's rent, while the other roomers were out just that amount.

They remained in all the rest of that Sunday, but the calls of work on Monday morning made it absolutely imperative that they should again pass the watchful Pete and his waiting master. Again sixpence found its way into his rapacious palm.

"Never mind, 'e'll be hout ter night when we gets 'ome, fur 'e 'aster get ter 'is work at six o'clock," comforted Mr. Billings.

"Aye, but 'is dawg won't be hout," objected Timothy.

"That don't make no odds; 'e can't take the tuppunces."

"My Gawd, I won't bank on that either; 'e may 'ave taught 'im ter," groaned Timothy.

But neither dog nor Mr. Bill Hemmings were in sight when the three nervously ascended the stairs that night.

"Lock the door! Lock the door," frantically shouted Mr. Bailey, overjoyed at the opportunity of getting into his corner unmolested, "'e may come back any blooming moment."

There was some delay in finding a key that fitted, but finally the door was safely secured, and the three retired in triumph to the luxury of bed.

Nothing disturbed their dreams that night, but alas, the morning told another tale, for on opening the door preparatory to going to work at seven o'clock, there lay Mr. Hemmings on the top landing, with the watchful Pete beside him.

"Tuppunce ter pass," calmly demanded the tormentor, and again the toll had to be paid, for the calls of work were pressing, and there was no time for argument. "If yer locks me hout again ter-night," threatened the recumbent Mr. Hemmings, "Hi'll charge yer threepence ter-morrow mornin', you see if I don't; Hi ain't a-goin' to be turned hout o' my corner fur nothing, when I paid my rent, so there."

In these desperate straits, the master mind of Timothy Allgood arose to the occasion. Escaping early next morning before the arrival of his tormentor, he again hailed the policeman of the beat. An earnest conversation took place between them, at the end of which the bluecoat accompanied Timothy up the narrow stairs to the room.

Mr. Bill Hemmings had not yet arrived, but the sound of his approaching footsteps was soon heard, and he and Pete entered the room. His surprised gaze had scarcely time to notice the majesty of the law, before that gentleman was addressing him.

"Nice dawg, that 'un of yours, Mr. Hemmings."

"It is," proudly admitted the owner.

"Dawgs is expensive beasts to keep, though, ain't they?"

"Oh, Pete don't cost so much," deprecated Mr. Hemmings, "an' 'e don't wear nothing—no trousers or weskets, so 'is clothin' bill ain't much," and the door tenant smiled at his own humor.

That smile angered the officer of the law.

"Don't you get too funny, now," he warned, savagely.

"All right; keep your 'air on," returned Mr. Hemmings.

"W'ere's that dawg's license?" suddenly demanded the policeman.

The abruptness of the query seemed to disconcert Mr. Hemmings.

"License," he stammered, "license."

"That's wot I said," calmly repeated the policeman.

"Hi——Hi—that is, Hi left hit hat 'ome," mumbled Mr. Hemmings.

"Thought yer 'ome was 'ere in that corner?"

"So 'tis—Hi means, hit was, that is, Hi gave the license ter me brother—'e's a-keepin' hit fur me."

"That's mighty kind of 'im, now," commented the officer, sarcastically, "suppose we walks around and gets it from 'im."

Mr. Hemmings saw the game was up.

"Fact is," he cried, desperately, "I furgot ter take one hout this year."

"YOU COME ALONG O' ME AND EXPLAIN TO THE BEAK AT BOW 'OW IT WAS YOU COME TO FORGET THAT 'ERE LICENSE"

"Did, eh?" chuckled the policeman, grimly. "Clean forgot it, eh? Now that were an oversight, weren't it? Memory's a awful treacherous thing, ain't it? You come along with me an' explain to the Beak at Bow 'ow it was yer came ter forget that 'ere license. 'E'll be real interested to learn all about it. Come on, and bring your dawg, too."

"An' maybe," exultantly cried Mr. Timothy Allgood, as Mr. Hemmings was led away, "maybe yer hoversight in furgettin' ter take hout a license fur yer dawg'll cost yer as much as them tuppences you've took hout hof the pockets o' yer room-mates—'ope ter Gawd it does," he added, savagely, as the last of the retreating footsteps died away, and the three were left in undisputed possession of the room once more.

"Amen," fervently cried Mr. Bailey.

"'Ear, 'ear," applauded Mr. Billings.

TWO O'CLOCK

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

THE night's pulse is at ebb, yet down the street
A nighthawk creeps, a slow policeman paces
And disappears in blackness. On his heels
A girl flaunts by, trailing defiant laces.
And while beneath its roof a million heads
Lie, wearied out, the city breathes and steams
Like some old hag, outworn in wickedness
Whose heavy sleep is rent by twitching dreams.

Exit Maud

By Jean Blewett

Illustrated with Photographs

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*Are country girls out of style now-a-days? Has Evangeline and her pitcher vanished with the rosy dairymaid? Has Maud Muller been excited out of Arcady? "Betty Blue," whose sunny letters about Doukhobors and other folk you know, has gone adventuring and found that things have changed on the farm—whether for better or worse, let Maud or Evangeline tell.*

JOAN, DEAR:—I am going to tell you a secret. The country isn't what it used to be. This prolific age has left no romance in anything. We take our dreams, or rather let our dreams take us, to some dear old homestead, far from the madding crowd, and find it nothing more than an immense factory operated by machinery. A steam plow turns the furrows, a steam roller does the levelling, a steam drill the seeding. It is very progressive, but disappointing.

I remark as much to Propriety, but she doesn't understand. "Not satisfied with the country when it gives you flower gardens like these?" she exclaims, waving a hand toward the clover fields pink with blossoms, heavy with fragrance. Oh, yes, the beauty remains, nothing can filch that, but the glamor is gone. There is no Maud

Muller, rake in hand, and ankles brown and bare, to catch the judge's eye—or anyone else's. If one were to meet a country lass, ten to one she would wear patent leather pumps, lisle hosiery, and carry a tennis racket. Who talked of hay makers? Haymaking by hand, haymaking as a pastoral, a setting of sweet old-fashioned love affairs, is over and gone. This hay is cut, raked and stacked by machinery. Exit Maud. She and her rake would only be in the way.

It's the same with the grain fields. No more the brawny harvesters swing their cradles through the golden grain, no more they bind the sheaves "by hand," no more the women gleaners follow after. No more merry voices and laughter, no more music of whetstone against scythe blade or cradle knife. The reapers' song of the poet has resolved itself into the clang! clang! clang! of the modern machine. It is not rubber-tired yet, this machine, but it will be. As it is, the driver sits on a cushioned spring seat the while he cuts great highways through the waving grain.

When the farmer's son told me that harvesting was to begin, I fell to thinking of Longfellow's maiden of seventeen summers.

"And will your Evangeline bear to the reapers at noonday flagons of home brewed ale?" I asked him.

"Her name's Irene," he returned confidentially, "and I think I see her lugging home brewed to the field. Besides, we're teetotal."

So Evangeline with her pitcher can go and stand beside Maud and her rake.

Where are you going, my pretty maid? . . . Then that nicest of institutions, the red-cheeked dairymaid, is a thing of the past. She has had her day, and a busy day it was, but no more will amorous but worldly youth ask her what is her fortune. Isn't it too bad, Joan? Instead of a pretty girl in the midst of innumerable milk pans and cream jugs, there is a machine called a separator. It seems to do everything but the churning—another machine does that. There she goes, pink sunbonnet and all, to keep company with Maud, Evangeline, and others, and somehow, thinking of all the sentiment which has been woven around her, we miss her most of all. With a real live dairymaid on the spot there was always material for a farm idyll.

Life on the land is easier than it used to be, though less interesting. With his up-to-date machinery the farmer can do about as he likes. He is the most independent man alive. If it were not that he has to look to heaven for rain and shine he would be in danger of growing too autocratic. Nature has ways of her own for keeping a man humble. As it is he has a good conceit of himself.

The only person who has no regrets over all this progress is the farmer's wife. She thinks herself the luckiest girl alive in being born late enough to miss some things which came her grandmother's way. There is the wool for instance. She has nothing to do with it. Straight to the market and factory go the fifty, sixty, one hundred or three hundred fleeces, as the case may be, whereas in grandmother's day they went straight to that good dame. And what a long way that wool stretched out!

It stayed in grandmother's hands until it was cloth—"and then some," as the slangy young lawyer who is "keeping company" with Suzanne would say. Did I mention Suzanne? She's the daughter of the house, and so good-looking that there is no need for her to be half so clever as she is. Fate is a partial old witch. Here is Suzanne with dimples, a complexion of peaches and cream, and a bright wit, and here is the hired girl of the farm, who, after all, is a little sister of Suzanne, without either prettiness or pertness, colorless every way you take her. It seems a little unfair. But I must not let these girls lead me away from grandmother and her fleeces.

We go out to the old store house. It has long been superseded by a more capacious up-to-date one, but it is worth a visit. Joan, dear, our city housewife would give a good deal to have these great walnut beams across the ceiling of her dining room, and hardwood floors of such a thickness.

This store room belongs to the day when beautiful wood had no market value in Ontario. The pioneers cut down the curly maple, the oak, the beech, cut them in their prime, then cremated them to get them out of the way—and the pioneer's poor descendants pay ruinous prices for mission furniture, while hardwood floors and wainscoting are for the rich alone. Thus does nature hit back. A musty smell belongs to this place, and on beam and rafter still cling bits of wool which perhaps were part of those many fleeces piled high in grandmother's day. It was here the "wool picking" was done. This was the first process of all. Each fleece was picked or pulled apart by hand, and particles of dust, tangled shreds and burrs removed. When grandmother finished with the fleece she was surrounded by mounds of soft white wool to show for her labor.

The picking of the season's fleeces was a long or short job, according to the disposition of the grandmother. If she were an austere, unsociable woman she made a regular task of it; if she were the other kind she made a "bee." She generally was the other kind. The neighbor women came from far and near and got to work. So many fleeces, so many hands. The snowy mounds became hills, the hills mountains. They picked the wool to bits—and sometimes, no doubt, the characters of the absent—and had a merry time together till the sun left the "clearings" and went out of sight. Up behind the trees crept the spring colors, daffodil and pink, and the sky was a glory and a mystery till the twilight fell. They looked at it, too, these pioneer women, and read it like an old tale—it would be fair to-morrow. The children with them looked, too, it being the sole and only picture book they had, and showed each other the rivers of gold, mountains of rosy mist, angels on the wing, boats with silver sails all spread drifting softly with the wind. With the long twilight, which in the wood world is not grey at all, but like a shot silk full of colors which flashed and fled, came tea drinking and supper.

The grand-aunt of Suzanne, a little wrinkled lady of ninety, who has buried three husbands, lived under five sovereigns and is altogether a wonderful person, tells me all these things. There would be ham and eggs, hot scones, maple syrup, curds and cream, and other delectable dishes which the housekeeper of to-day would shiver to think of. They had hearty appetites and good digestions, these pioneer women. And men as well, for you may be sure they managed to call for their wives in time to share the cheer. A hard life. Still, Joan, it was worth while being a homemaker in a big new world of shade and silence.

Next in order was the carding, a tedious process and long. Between the cards, which were very like a pair of military brushes, with sharp teeth of steel instead of bristles, grandmother laid her handful of wool, drawing her cards back and forth, back and forth over it until it took on a fine even appearance, after which it was lengthened out into a roll. A busy woman was grandmother, for, look you, if she failed to improve the shining hour her opponent in the lists, who was almost as good a worker as she, if not quite, would beat her out. Being a woman of spirit she could not allow anyone to so make havoc of her housewifely reputation.

The farmer's wife has her old spinning wheel in her pretty drawing-room. She is rather particular to have you notice it. Why not? It is of value, else would not her city cousin try to buy it from her, or wheedle it out of her. Not so desirable as a coat of arms, still, there is a subtle connection between a family wheel—especially the little dark kind—and a family tree. Both show your descent from people who did things.

Grandmother gave no thought to the future uses of her wheel, its present use was what absorbed her. She was the sort of woman Solomon had in mind when he said all those nice things about laying her hands to the spindle and holding the distaff.

It was in this musty old store room the spinning was done. All the grandmothers didn't make pretty pictures

THE GASOLINE TRUCK HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE PRAIRIE TO HAUL THE WHEAT TO STEEL, BUT IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME UNTIL THAT DAY COMES

STRAIGHT TO THE MARKET AND FACTORY GO THE FLEECES NOWADAYS, WHEREAS IN GRANDMOTHER'S DAY THEY WENT STRAIGHT TO THAT GOOD DAME, AND STAYED IN HER HANDS UNTIL THEY WERE CLOTH—AND THEN SOME

as they fitted the white rolls on the spindle, and turned the same to thread, but this one did. Suzanne, her namesake, looks very like her, as the farmer says, and put a quaint frock, pointed as to bodice, overflowing full as to skirt—such a frock as grandmother wore—on Suzanne, and she'd be a picture. If you don't believe me, ask the young lawyer. Yes, I can see grandmother, small and plump and ridiculously young—youth being the last a lifetime. A lifetime! Ah, the little hands which held the thread are folded long since, Joan, and the busy feet which went up and down, up and down to the humming of the wheel are still. A lifetime isn't long. It was only yesterday she sang at her work of turning out so many "knots" per day of crinkly white yarn. There is a piece of carded wool still on the spindle —only yesterday!

An idle life, she sighs—I mean the

"COSTLY—PERISHABLE—FRAGILE—IMMEDIATE." THE FAST FREIGHT STOPS AT THE ONTARIO STATIONS TO PICK UP GILT-EDGED BUTTER, FRESH-PICKED FRUIT, STRICTLY NEW-LAID EGGS, AND CREAM THAT MUST ARRIVE AT THE MILLIONAIRE'S TABLE IN PERFECT CONDITION

fashion in those days. She had smooth dark hair, smiling eyes, arms bare to the elbow, a springy step, and fingers which seemed to caress the yarn they piled upon the spindle.

Being a little bit of a thing, of course she chose the high geared wheel—just as she picked on the tallest of her suitors for a husband—and wound the yarn into skeins on a perfect Goliath of a reel. It is home-made, this reel, grandfather having manufactured it out of a home-grown, home-seasoned piece of timber, and guaranteed it to wheel. At school they taught us that a wheel is neuter gender, and we took their word for it. We know better now. It is feminine, purely feminine, and being such puts up with the best corner of the drawing-room, the bow of ribbon meant to hide some of her harsh lines, and with all the talk about her quaintness. But the big reel is masculine, and being so hugs his own corner of the store room. "I'm hard as nails, tough as the heart of an oak," he croaks hoarsely. "Too big and uncouth, thank heaven, to be used for

OCCASIONALLY THE FARMER GOES OUT AND USES A PITCHFORK IN THE HOME FIELD JUST TO REMIND HIM OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS, BUT ALL THE REAL WORK OF HAYING AND HARVESTING IS DONE BY MACHINERY—EVANGELINE AND MAUD ARE OUT OF THE PICTURE FOREVER.

THE DAIRYMAID, TOO, HAS VANISHED. THE MILK FROM THE FARMER'S GRADED HERD GOES TO THE SEPARATOR WHICH DOES ALL THE WORK EXCEPT THE BUTTERMAKING, WHICH IS DONE BY ANOTHER MACHINE.

decorative purposes!" Masculine!—it couldn't be anything else if it tried.

And now for rural finery. When the dye pot has been put away and the walls hung thick with skeins brilliant of hue, grandmother began operations at the loom. This loom is quite as interesting as the wheel, but nobody thinks of giving it a place in the drawing-room. It is too clumsy. On this high bench sat grandmother, her slippered feet, or bare feet, as the case might be, working the pedals, her little hands swinging the shuttles to and fro. There isn't much said about it at the present time, but the truth is that in rural Canada home-made flannel was the staple article of wearing apparel two or three generations ago. We see women in silks and lace to-day, men in the finest cloths, who as boys and girls thought themselves well dressed when they had for week days and Sundays the real homespun.

Oh, decidedly, things are not as they used to be on the farm. All the better, perhaps. The farmer of to-day has to use his sinews less, his brains more. He has to keep up with the times. It is not only an easier life, but a broader one. He is more alert intellectually. The daily papers come to him, he takes an interest in books and people.

His wife has time to grow roses in her garden and in her cheeks. She keeps her youth. It used to be that the farmer's wife was an elderly woman at forty-five. She isn't any more. She's quite girlish. I suppose we shouldn't blame her for being glad she was born so late—only one hates to see the beautiful God-made country getting as prosaic as other places.

What will the poor poet and artist do for subjects, Joan? A milking-machine is barren of sentiment, so is a steam-plow. Of course, common, everyday folk like us won't mind, but think of the poets and artists. What are they going to do for matter to put in their books and on their canvases?

You know the picture called "The Toll-Gate," which hangs in the upstairs hall at your place? Take care of it, Joan, for you'll never get another. The toll-gate is no more. As youngsters we liked that picture because it seemed to tell a story. We laughed at the sour expression on the farmer's face as he went grudgingly into his pocket for the necessary coin, the proud air with which the keeper's lassie kept the gate fast until payment was made, and the admiration of the farmer's boy for this same lassie, his evident desire to "Take toll of her lips in passing." It is a bit of quaintness out of the past. There are no gates across these broad highways. The keeper can go bear Maud Muller and the rest company. It is as I told you in the beginning, all romance has gone from country life.

Later: I take back that last statement; it is too sweeping. Have been out with Suzanne and the young lawyer watching the harvest moon turn this old world into a golden glory. There's romance a-plenty in the country still, as I became aware when I passed the "hired girl" and the lad in blue overalls. They, too, were watching the harvest moon, watching it hand in hand. She looked so happy that one felt it didn't matter an atom whether she were pretty or not. Then there was Suzanne, also the lawyer. It seems that they were at college together and have many subjects in common. They don't believe that sentiment will go out of fashion here on the farm, not they.

We fell to talking of early days and the passing of things—among them the toll-gate. This called to the young man's mind some verses he knew by heart. He may have written them (Suzanne in the moonlight would incite any man to poetry), but I hardly think so. Suzanne was so charmed that he must needs repeat them till she knew them by heart. Well, I know them by heart, too. If you were here I'd say them—though not with the wealth of expression put into them by the young lawyer, who never took his eyes from Suzanne's pretty face—but as you're not here, I'll write them. "Yesterday's Road" is the suggestive title.

The gate-keeper's cot was of meagre size,
With the grey dust coated o'er it,

And its windows fixed like a watch-dog's eyes
On the highway stretched before it.

The rich and the poor drew rein at the door
The merry, the brokenhearted,
The pioneer, with his life work done,
The lad with his life work started.

Going marketwards the farmer frowned
On the heavy gate made fast there,
'Twas a bird of prey on the king's highway,
Taking toll of all who passed there.

But coming home in the chill and gloom
He whispered, his heart grown mellow,
"Ho! a cheery sight is the keeper's light,
Why grudge a fee to the fellow?"

It has gone for good from the country road—
Its requiem let us be singing—
For the roads of to-day stretch far and free
With never a gate for the swinging.

L'Envoi

Prince, in the hours of our dreams come true,
When our thoughts turn backward a long, long way,
May none take toll of a homesick soul,
Or gate bar the road to Yesterday.

No romance left in the country! My dear Joan, "the old order passeth, yielding place to new," but while the country has its orchards and meadows, its growth and greenness, its moonlight and maidens, there simply must be romance.

By way of shaking off this sentimental mood, I must tell you of a heart to heart talk Suzanne's great-aunt had with the dear spinster lady who brought the dahlias.

"You knew my mother and my grandmother," this from the spinster lady; "they were close friends of yours."

"Is that so?" with the indifference of the very old. "What's your name?"

"Maria Ann Moorehouse, the same as my mother's."

"How many times have you been married?" comes the startling query.

"Me?" forgetting grammar in her excitement. "I've not been married at all."

Grand-aunt is interested at last. "How old might you be?" she queries, drawing nearer.

"Fifty-seven—and never had an offer," laughs the lady with the dahlias.

Grand-aunt's eyes, bright with second sight, travel speculatively over the other's placid face and portly figure. "Humph! The Lord's been good to you, all right."

With this enigmatic remark, she goes her way.

THE EYES OF LIZZETTE

BY CY WARMAN

THE eyes of Lizzette were like miniature seas,
With ripples that laugh and willows that weep
On the shore; where the low-bending boughs of the trees
Deepen and soften the shadows that creep
At night, near the water-edge. Can I forget
The far-away, ocean-like eyes of Lizzette?

Dear eyes of Lizzette! I shall see them no more,
They are curtained in sleep—she is gone, she is gone,
With her beautiful eyes to the evergreen shore;
Death winged her away 'twixt the dusk and the dawn.
There's a mound on the mountain-side where we first met,
And the columbine blows o'er the eyes of Lizzette.

The Sabbath of the Demons

By Wildan McBride

Illustrated by S. H. Riesenberg

MON. VIEUX PIERRE, *dit* "Le Corbeau," smoked his pipe thoughtfully before the fire in the chantier at La Tuque on Sunday afternoon. The men were engaged in various odd jobs of mending, while a few were reading. There was an unwonted air of quietness in their demeanor, which was due to the visit of the missionary priest. Pere Chretien had just left them after dinner to drive to another camp. He found them a docile flock, these rough lumbermen, for he had won their regard and affection; and with their inborn reverence for the Church they were, on the whole, tractable. If the fruits of his intermittent teaching were not all he could wish for, he remembered they were but errant children. On Saturday evening, as was his custom, he chatted and smoked with the men about the fire. Like Father O'Flynn of the song, he had a way with him that put them at their ease, and ere long they were singing their folk songs and showing their steps in the dance. Then he had given them a simple talk on Christian duties, and every man had gone to confession, with the exception of a few Protestants, who were exempt. After Mass on Sunday morning, Pere Chretien had spoken to them with earnestness and directness in a little sermon on the sin of blasphemy, speaking as a father would to wayward children, now with appealing tenderness and anon with stern wrath. They heard him after the manner of the children they were, and were impressed with his words. Hence it was that an atmosphere of unusual quietness and thoughtfulness pervaded the camp after he had gone.

Le Corbeau gazed thoughtfully into the fire and puffed lazily at his pipe, but it was not in his nature to remain silent long. When he had no person to talk to he talked to his horses, and between himself and them there appeared to be an excellent understanding. Certain it is they were good listeners.

"The words the good father spoke about swearing," he remarked, after a time, addressing no person in particular, "make me to recall the strange things that befell Telesphore Peloquin —there are many years since then— one night on his way from Grand Piles to the parish of The Forges of St. Maurice."

"What things were they?" asked Louis Latour, eagerly, for the big, good-natured bully loved gossip.

"Bien des choses extraordinaires," replied Le Corbeau enigmatically. He had a far-away look in his eyes, which were fixed upon the fire, while the men grouped themselves about him, knowing there was a story in prospect. At the same time he was well aware all

eyes were turned upon him, for Le Corbeau was enough of an artist to insist upon an audience impressed with the importance of his role.

"Eh, bien, donc?" said Louis Latour.

Le Corbeau gazed around upon the expectant faces with an air of detachment, and then turned his eyes again upon the fire for a time. He withdrew a small coal with the poker, and deftly transferred it to his pipe with his fingers. Then he satisfied himself the pipe was drawing properly.

"Mais oui," he said, as though speaking to himself, "there are many years since Telesphore Peloquin and myself worked in the big camp up on Mattawin river. I recall Red Ritchie was foreman. That was the time The Seigneur had many camps, and loaded many vessels at Quebec. Times are not what they were, it is the simple truth. Un bon garcon, this Telesphore; a good axeman and a man without fear on the drive. What drollery was his, and such a gay heart, a man sans souci! Money ran through his fingers like water in those other years, and he loved nothing better than to dance the night long. When it came to the blows of the fist a man to be feared, but he was a friend with all the world, for he loved gaiety more than fighting. So much so he had not a good name with prudent habitants, and the Curé reproached him for neglecting his duties. But the women all loved Telesphore, for who had a laugh so gay, and where was it possible to find such a man at a dance, such a man to make things march at any fete as Telesphore? As always, the women loved a man just a little wicked, as was this Telesphore. He saved not money, and also he drank too much at times. Then he quarrelled with the Curé, and neglected his duties at the feast of La Pacque for two years. It is not a thing remarkable, therefore, that the mammas did not smile upon Telesphore after that. He drank more, and got into mischief in Quebec in those years. But, Mon Dieu! what a change was there after the night when he saw the Demons holding their Sabbath."

Le Corbeau paused to gaze around on his eager auditors, and, as if well satisfied with what he saw, again fixed his eyes upon the fire.

"Bien," he said, "I go to tell you of that. You remember the fight of Edouard Tasse en regle with the Devil, and all the world knows well the Evil One has been seen by many persons in many strange forms in the vicinity of The Forges. My father, who had the words from his father, has told me these things so extraordinary came about in this way. There are many, many years since iron was first made at The Forges by order of the Kings of France, and the Seignory in that place was given by the King to Sieur Poulin of Three Rivers. Then came the English, and the iron furnaces were owned by one named Monsieur Bell. The land was yet owned by one Mademoiselle Poulin, and much of it was covered with grand maple trees. Bien! now this monsieur persisted in cutting these trees to make charcoal for the furnaces. With reason, Mademoiselle Poulin objected, and made case after case in the courts to stop this, but nothing could she gain. They tell me our courts were then all English, not as in these days. This mademoiselle was not the most devout, and when she came to die, so angry was she that she refused to make a will or see a priest. She cried out, 'I leave everything I have to the Devil. Since I could not keep what was mine, they shall not enjoy it in peace who stole it from me!' "

Le Corbeau frowned at some exclamations of surprise, and, in answer to a question, said, "Much water has run down hill since this thing arrived, and I tell you what has been told to me. But all the world knows of these matters. The Devil took his donation au serieux, and so it is he has been seen often in the environs of The Forges.

"Eh, bien! One summer Telesphore worked for a farmer at Ste. Flore, which was contrary to his habitude. This farmer, Jacques Bureau, said that Telesphore was a good man, but fire and water would not detain him from a fête. At the fête of St. Jean Baptiste he met Mademoiselle Genevieve Bienvenu, a daughter of a rich habitant, Joseph Bienvenu, who was the

MANY TIMES THEY MET THAT SUMMER, AND TELESPHORE FOUND HIMSELF VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH MLLE. GENEVIEVE

syndic of the parish and a man of affairs in that part. Many times they met that summer, and you know how such things are. Telesphore found himself very much in love with this young girl. But when M. Bienvenu came to see how matters were, he spoke plainly to Telesphore. 'My daughter,' he said, 'will not wed a man of your character and a man also without a sou.'

"That autumn Telesphore went into the camp on the Mattawin. I was his friend, and to me he confided his troubles. By chance, one day in the spring, I met a man at Grand Piles who knew Telesphore at Ste. Flore. He said it was known to all the world that after the Easter feast Mademoiselle Genevieve was to be married in the church at Ste. Flore to Cyril Leblanc, a young habitant of that parish. It was the truth, without doubt, for with his own ears he heard the banns read in church on Sunday. You will know well, my friends, it was bad news I had to tell Telesphore at the camp when I returned. Never in my life have I seen a man so much angered. He was almost like one possessed, and he blasphemed most horribly, swearing by the most holy things 'I will eat his heart.' But what could I do? He did not hear the reproaches I made him. Ritchie gave him his billet and allowed him to go out, after storming fiercely, and Telesphore came out with me. I doubt much if he heard what I said when I tried to reason with him. All day he sat gazing ahead, and at times grinding his teeth in a manner to make the flesh creep. I believe well, me, if he had met Cyril Leblanc that day he would have killed him. My heart was sad for my friend, but he did not hear my words. It is possible, perchance, he did not know me then. This time I was going on to Three Rivers, but coming to Grand Piles on Saturday evening I rested, for never do I work on the Sabbath. Telesphore refused even to wait for supper, but started off on foot, not even saying good-bye to me, his friend.

"The strange things that befell him that night I heard from his own lips several years after. Nothing does he remember of the way till on top of a

hill he saw the flames of The Forges, perhaps two or three leagues away. The moon went behind a black cloud, and at this Telesphore walked on, looking around with a shiver on the forest about him. It is possible he had gone not more than a hundred paces when he saw a bright light flame up by the road in the woods in the valley. Telesphore stood turned to stone, for around the fires danced many strange beings. He heard chains rattle, cries of rage and outbursts of laughter such as to make the flesh creep with fear, and blasphemies the most terrifying. One Demon with a red cloak and a face convulsed with laughter horrible called out Telesphore's name, and leaping on the stump of a tree beckoned him to approach.

I BELIEVE WELL, ME, THAT IF HE HAD MET CYRIL LEBLANC THAT DAY HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM

"At a spectacle such as this, Telesphore was just able to make the sign of the cross, and then he fell down in the soft, wet snow more dead than alive with fear. But he made a little prayer to the Holy Virgin, and a vow if saved not to molest Cyril Leblanc. When he woke up as from a sleep, the fire and the Demons were gone, and the moon was shining where they held their Sabbath.

"But Telesphore still trembled with fear, and he ran shouting through the woods he knew not where. By morning he reached the Forges, more dead than alive, I believe well, me. That very day he made his confession at the parish church, and in the years that have intervened no person would know that it was the same Telesphore of those other years of which I have told you.

"Bien, Telesphore is now himself a habitant, almost rich, living in the parish of St. Tite. He married une bonne femme, and they have a good Canadian family of ten children, perhaps twelve now, who can say? I do not know myself since two years."

Le Corbeau here paused to light his dead and neglected pipe, with another coal from the fire, and the men shifted their positions uneasily and began to talk with some constraint.

Joe Randolph, who was an Eastern Townships Yankee, was frankly sceptical. Yet one who had watched him during the recital might have detected signs of uneasiness in his manner. Gaining courage at the sound of his own voice he blustered that he did not believe such apparitions were possible, and he doubted if devils existed.

Le Corbeau was undisturbed by this lack of faith. After all, what could one expect from a Bostonnais?

"Hereusement pour moi," said Le Corbeau, "I have not seen such things, myself. I tell you the things extraordinary that were told me by Telesphore Peloquin himself. Aussi, it is known to all the world that these strange apparitions have been seen by many at the Forges and in its environs. It is a thing remarkable also that the place where the Demons held their Sabbath is precisely of the land which was left as a legacy to the Devil by this wicked Mademoiselle Poulin. Once

when I spoke of these matters to our good Curé, he guarded well his replies, but said it may have arrived that the Bon Dieu permitted such frightful apparitions to warn wicked men and to keep them in their duty. C'est possible, câ. Moi, je le crois bien, c'est possible, câ."

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limps prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was dead silence for a few moments as Morton concluded. The wind, which was gradually rising around the house and moaning through the trees, was weird enough to their strained hearings now. The big room, but recently so cheerful and ablaze with lamps, now was full of shadows, in which anything might lurk, as the deputy evidently thought, for he kept glancing fearfully at them. Even the big logs on the hearth, now commencing gradually to die down, appeared a kind of menace to the party as they only too clearly would betray the interior of the room to any person or thing that might be outside of the big expanse of plate glass which practically formed one side of the apartment. It was Swanson who spoke first, and he did it reassuringly.

"Then it's easy, Morton," he said. "It's one of the kids in the neighborhood playing a practical joke. He's togged himself out with some kind of array and a false face, and is probably tickled to death to think how he's getting away with it."

"I tell you this thing had no feet," insisted the deputy.

Swanson deemed it best not to press the subject. He turned to the room behind him and said gently:

"Don't be alarmed; it's the surroundings that make this sort of thing uncanny. Just wait until I get Emmett."

He called from the door, and once the photographer was inside they held a brief conference.

"Stay here; I'll just take a look around the place," said Swanson.

"You won't go alone!" cried the others in one breath.

"Yes, you'd be better here," said Swanson, and he glanced meaningly at the door of the darkened room and then at the deputy. Both the other men hesitated, then nodded silently. They correctly interpreted that glance to mean that there was more need to protect the women from possible harm than to accompany him. Also, that Morton, in his present state, was useless; and, in fact, in case of a crisis might become a source of absolute danger through his very panic of fear.

"I'll keep this revolver of his," said Emmett in a low tone; "it's a good gun —a heavy forty-five. Just the thing as a welcome addition to our battery if needed. But, Swanson, you had better take my shotgun. It will do more good in this semi-darkness than Thompson's rifle." And he passed over the weapon. Swanson slipped some shells in his pocket, stepped silently to the door and went out.

Overhead the sky was now a mottled mass of black clouds. In between showed brilliant patches of moonlight, and when the moon itself was not obscured there was a deceitful promise of illumination, instantly dispelled by a sudden darkening of all objects. It was a most uncertain light, and Swanson realized that anything meaning harm and lurking about the place might well have a chance to spring upon him in one of the periods of obscurity.

But this very fact aroused his fighting blood. In his veins boiled a fierce anger that in this, a civilized region, something meaning such harm should be prowling in the dark ready for attack. And as he slipped the catch on his hammer gun to "cocked" he put a finger of his right hand on either trigger, and holding it ready to fire from his side if necessary, moved slowly about the grounds. When the moon was darkened he came to a full halt and strained his ears for the sound of anything approaching, inwardly cursing the wind which often made this precaution useless. His lips were drawn back and the eyes, which were so mild and almost dreamy in expression in his ordinary hours, now glowed from under half shut lids, peering this way and that into the darkness, showing as fierce a readiness to fly at an enemy as any wolf itself could have displayed.

On the side nearest the drive he proceeded with great caution, stopping at the clumps of shrubbery and peering about them until he was assured that nothing was hiding there. Waiting for a period of light, he stepped to the drive to see if there might be some possible sign. But save where the flying footprints of the deputy's horse had torn up the gravel, the surface had not been disturbed, although the finely powdered granite might have shown the prints of any heavy animal. Slowly he paced behind the house and around through the piles of heavy, cut fire-logs, and penetrated cautiously to an arbor about one hundred feet from the house. Behind this lay a thicket of ornamental bushes. Using the arbor as a vantage point, he peered into their depths, and then, in the same cautious manner, searched them. Satisfied that there was nothing there, he proceeded more confidently around the northern edge of the big house, for here an expansive lawn had been cleared on which only a few ornamental maples had been left. A higher burst of wind had scattered some of the clouds until a sort of mackerel tinge prevailed in the sky and he could see for quite a distance. With great satisfaction he noted that every window on that side of the house was still heavily boarded. If any attack should be made upon them, therefore, from whatever unknown cause, it would hardly come from that direction.

He returned to the front of the cottage, whistling cheerfully to let those inside know of his coming. He noted with some surprise the saddle and bridle of the horse lying by the porch,

but Emmett explained with a laugh.

"It was so dark out there I had to use hearing rather than sight," he said, "and I wanted that panting beast away. I've been out west, and even the semi-broken cowponies will seldom stray far away if they are still saddled and bridled. In fact, many of them are taught to stand still if the owner drops the reins over its head. The same with domestic horses. If they're saddled they generally won't stray far, whereas when they're unhitched they think work is over and drift away. So I jerked the togs off him and he seems to have disappeared. It's a good thing you didn't run across him unexpectedly. You might have given him both barrels."

"Yes," said Swanson simply, the sinister gleam coming into his eyes for a moment. "Anything I had run across out there would have got both loads before any questions were asked."

Then, seeing the still frightened look in Nora's eyes as she endeavored to console the deputy, who still remained abject, but had lost his appearance of utter fright, he laughed.

"We're all letting this thing affect us too much," he said. "Morton has had a bad fright—and I don't blame him," he added sympathetically, "out here in the wilds on a night like this. We all feel the same way in a less degree, Morton, for we haven't been so scared. Still, just so the ladies won't be nervous when they turn in, I'll sit down here and keep watch."

"Oh, I couldn't dream of going to bed," cried Nora, and Mrs. Lawson also protested.

"Now, now," said Swanson soothingly, "there's no use losing a night's rest. It would only make you both nervous. There's no porch below your windows, so nothing can climb up. You're perfectly safe there. I'll just stretch myself out on this lounge where Brady sleeps and watch the foot of the stairway here, just so you won't be afraid."

He made an almost imperceptible sign to Thompson, and the latter laughed.

"Sure," he said, "just go up and turn in, Miss Westemonde, like Emmett and I are going to do a little while afterward. We'll sit here for a time just to see that no mischievous boy in the neighborhood comes around frightening the life out of you by throwing gravel against your window."

After much persuasion the woman and girl retired. Swanson thought it best to add a note of warning.

"In case it is some boys prowling around," he said, "it would simply attract them to see a light in your window. So just go to bed by the light of the moon. Think how romantic it will be."

When the sound of the closing door above had come to their ears they turned to each other with perplexity in their faces.

"There are no kids in a deal like this," said Thompson, "but we got them upstairs all right. What do you think of it, Swanson?"

"There's something in it, whatever it is," responded Swanson. "Anything that takes the very last drop of courage from a man like that chap in there is something dangerous. You can't tell what these Indians up here are capable of. Civilized as they are, maybe they've got enough of the old instinct left to revive some of their supposed witch-craft—chicanery, of course—but it's for some bad purpose. We'll all sit up of course."

He slipped into the kitchen and returned with a lantern Mrs. Lawson used in the cellar.

"We'll turn this down as low as possible, and keep it behind the screen," he said, "and then we'll put out the lamp. The fire's nearly out. If anything starts that lantern won't turn over as easy as a lamp. Maybe the deputy would like to lie down in that shuttered room. He'd be safer, and there's a bed there."

But it was evident that Morton had no intention of leaving their company, and he sat beside them for hour after hour in the room from which even the faint glow of the dying fire soon vanished and the moonlight slowly faded, as the clouds grew dense and the patter of rain commenced. Even over the

sound of it beating against the windows and the roof of the porch they could hear him start violently whenever there was an extra strong gust. Thompson, seated in an armchair, with his legs placed in another, and his rifle over his knees, never took his eyes from the faint patch of gloom which showed where the big window was, and Swanson, lying on the couch with the shotgun by his side, did the same. Emmett, seated behind the screen, where he could puff steadily at his cigarettes and their light could not be seen from without, smoked without intermission. And so the night slowly wore on, the storm died down and the gloom in the window commenced to lighten a trifle.

By four o'clock the rain had ceased, and from the faint beam of dawn which showed a half hour later it seemed that the day would be a fair one. And this turned out to be true, as a little time after a beam of sunlight shot across the lake, and Thompson gave a sigh of relief.

"I can understand now why the ancients had sun worship," he said. "Let's get cleaned up, so the girl upstairs won't know we've been sitting up." But there was no deceiving Nora. She smiled as she came down the stairs, looking rather wan.

"I saw through your idea," she said, "and I'm grateful to you all. I didn't sleep myself. I just lay there and listened to hear if anything stirred below."

Mrs. Lawson, however, was virtuously indignant and not unwilling to show it.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, "and us in a civilized country, too! It's something those Indians are up to, I'll bet! It's some dirty trick of somebody's. There, don't let it worry you, dearie," she said, patting Nora on the shoulder as she started for the kitchen.

Swanson looked at Emmett and smiled.

"The maternal instinct," he said. "If Mrs. Lawson was the only woman here she would probably be thoroughly frightened, but when she has something to protect, she is ready to battle to the end. I think she'll make a valuable member of our party in an emergency."

Although the breakfast was earlier than usual and nobody had much appetite, all made a pretense of eating food. And it was with a sigh of relief that Morton, seated facing the window and eating shamefacedly as if brooding over his actions of the night before, called out:

"Why, there's the sheriff."

And coming at a slow trot down the shaded drive could be seen the sturdy form of the man Nora had met the day before. The very expression of cheerful reliance on his kindly bearded face, and the hearty tone in which he greeted them, made Nora's eyes light up and the men grasp his hand warmly. He readily accepted an invitation to eat breakfast, and did it justice, praising Mrs. Lawson's coffee profusely. But he kept glancing curiously at Morton.

"How do you happen to be here, Fred?" he asked.

The deputy colored painfully. Evidently he was in pitiable embarrassment over the episode of the night. Swanson interrupted.

"We'll tell you after breakfast," he said. "He just passed the night with us."

With the cheer of the food within him; of companionship and of the sunlight which had grown brighter as the day went on, giving promise of a glorious touch of Indian summer which the rain would only freshen, Morton had grown more and more confident, but obviously was more ashamed of himself. And it was with a mumbling voice and in an apologetic way that he clumsily related a tale in which there was none of the dramatic effect he had put the night before.

"Maybe I was mistaken," he concluded awkwardly. "I might have had one of them hal—hal—whatever you call 'em. But I was sure scared, sheriff."

And he lowered his eyes and fidgeted nervously with the lapels of his coat, a perfect picture of humiliation.

But the sheriff did not laugh, nor did the others. That officer tugged

slowly at his beard and looked thoughtfully across the lake.

"I was goin' to recall the deputies to-night, but I won't do it now," he said. "You saw somethin' all right, Fred. That settles it. We'll stick here."

The sheriff paused for a few moments still gazing out over the waters with unseeing eyes.

"I know you're newspaper men," he said, "maybe I can't ask it of you—it means a lot to you, I guess. But it may mean a lot more if nothing was said about this for the time, boys. There have been deaths already, you know. It's my duty to get what's doin' that. If the tip's given out, it may spoil it. And," he continued, in an almost shamefaced way, "if nothin' could be said about Fred here runnin'—I know it ain't natural for him—" and he paused and glanced from one to the other.

"Oh, not a word about Morton," said Swanson heartily, and the others nodded immediate acquiescence. "Any one of us would have been just as likely to do the same thing," he went on, while the deputy's face lit up with a fervour of gratitude, "for no man knows what he'll do under strange conditions. And if I were you I'd put him on the firing line, Mr. Sheriff, where he can get a chance at this thing. I'm sure he'll be the first to start the fray."

"You're dead right I will," said Morton with emphasis, and there could be no doubt that he meant it.

"But about the news end, would you just wait one minute?"

He turned and held a whispered conference with Thompson.

"If we put this stuff on the wire there may be a leak," he said, "and if we send in some story without foundation it will simply queer the papers, as if we were trying to pull off a hoax on the public. Moreover, the first indication there's anything in it will bring a swarm of reporters from every town bigger'n a whistling post as well, and the woods will be so overrun that there'll be no doing anything."

"I tell you," suggested Thompson, in the same low tone, "let's wire a carefully guarded story apiece to the papers. Tip the city editor off that something's coming by mail and send a special delivery letter at once, giving the true facts, and telling him why we're holding it. The man that goes down today had better get an auto and come back at once. For we'll have a long run to make, maybe."

Swanson nodded and turned to the sheriff."

"All right," he said, "we won't say a word, only—" and he added the customary newspaper proviso—"will you promise not to let anyone know the facts until we have them in print, in case news show up?"

And the sheriff, unaware of the storm of wrath that might descend upon his head from various papers throughout his district, readily agreed.

"I'll send another deputy over if you'd like to have one with you," he said as he rode off with Morton. "I guess Fred had better get another chance at this thing."

In the broad daylight the event of the night seemed less and less terrifying, and they sat about the porch, basking in the sunlight but showing the effects of their sleepless night in their countenances. The noisy arrival of Brady, long before they expected him, was like a further breath of fresh air.

"Got up early," he said; "first time in years. Most times I don't get to bed until about the same time. But what's the matter?" glancing at them keenly.

He shook his head gravely when told, and nodded in emphatic approval over the plan mapped out by the others, especially about the automobile.

"This thing breaks loose at night," he said. "You'd better get that auto as soon as you get there, Swanson. Even if the roads are sandy, you ought to cover the route in a little more than two hours. I know you drive a car. If I could I'd ride back myself. You see, we don't want a chauffeur. He's apt to get scared, too, and bolt with the car, killing the story before we could get to Iroquois with it. Be sure

EMMETT GLANCED KEENLY AT THE PRINT IN THE FIXING PAN, AND THE NEXT INSTANT WITH SHAKING HANDS HE HAD RIPPED THE PAPER TO PIECES

and get one with big lamps, Eric. Someone will have to hit a clip through those dark woods, maybe. How's Nora?"

"Nora's a plucky girl," said Emmett, suddenly rousing himself. "Not a bit of fuss or trouble. She's as game as they make 'em."

"You bet," agreed Brady. "But don't you think we'd better get her out of here? She's too frail for this sort of thing."

There was something almost shamefaced about Brady's expression, and the other men smiled. Brady's interest in Nora had daily been growing plainer.

"You couldn't get her away now," said Emmett. "However, we'll try it after Swanson gets the auto here. Going down this afternoon, Eric?"

"Yes, I'll postpone my visit to the Chink and go," said Swanson, breaking the pause. "I don't feel like sleep now, anyway."

When he was gone Brady turned cheerfully to the others.

"Lie down on the lounge and go to sleep, Thompson," he said. "I'll keep watch. Turn on in and get some sleep, Emmett. Nothing can be done in this bright sunlight. I'll keep some of the arsenal by me and sit here and read."

"But what are we going to do on the story?" asked Nora, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"Nothing," answered Brady easily. "You're all too tired to work now. What you need is rest. Anyhow, as I say, nothing happens until night. If Swanson makes a swift trip down he may get back some time about eight or so to-night."

"It's hard to make a deal for an auto that quick," said Emmett. "He may have to go clear around the bay to Ste. Louise for it. Still, I guess we'd better lie down."

An afternoon of complete rest in the sleep of exhaustion and a late supper restored them all, so it was a fairly cheerful party that gathered about the table for supper as it grew dark. Still, noticing Nora's start at any sudden noise, Brady kept up a flow of cheering conversation.

"We won't try anything to-night," he said. "It would be simply folly to go prowling alone about the country in the dark. A deputy might blaze away at us, thinking we were fair game. I guess we'll sit here and have a quiet evening."

To the great relief of the men, who wished to quell Nora's obvious anxiety, the deputy promised by the sheriff arrived, clattering up to the door just before it got completely dark. The fact that he had ridden alone through a region teeming with the reports then current gave ground to his heartily expressed contempt for the whole business, as he expressed it. He was evidently enjoying himself hugely, however, and was delighted with the opportunity to meet the party. He was a genial, clean-shaved young fellow, with bronzed face and broad shoulders, and Thompson's careful questioning showed that he knew nothing of the details of the night before.

"Oh, the sheriff just said that more reports had come in about this thing," he said, "and he sent me here to stay with you folks."

He ate enormous quantities of the viands set before him, made friends immediately with Brady, with whom he exchanged lively repartee, and his hearty laugh seemed to fill the whole house. Nora cheered up in the presence of this arm of the law, and the men in the party immediately warmed up to him.

"We'll let him go to bed first, so he won't see us standing guard," said Thompson in a cautious whisper to the others. "There's no use tipping him off."

"Ham" (short for Hamilton, as he explained) was the name of the new arrival. He was unaffectedly delighted with the cottage, stood with his back before the fire puffing approvingly at one of Brady's cigars, was wildly enthusiastic over Nora's singing and clearly did not notice the little quaver in her voice at times. And when conversation flagged he spent his time making loud efforts of rustic wit at the mission the sheriff was covering.

"Them Indians is just scared," he said. But he was especially curious about Emmett's camera.

"Can you really take pictures with them things in the dark?" he demanded. "I've had it done in daylight," he added proudly.

"Surely," said Emmett, and explained the workings of the flashlight, even inserting a match in his patent holder and shooting off a small quantity of the powder.

Bennett was wildly delighted.

"Let's have a picture took!" he cried.

"We'll take one later," said Emmett, evasively.

"But you folks said somethin' about working to-morrow night," cried Ham, plaintively.

There was no resisting the appeal of the man who had proved such a cheering influence in the evening. He had apparently seen nothing unusual in the weapons lying about, accustomed as he was to the sight of the hunting arms of his own family in their living rooms. He had examined them all critically, and commented on the automatics.

"I'd like to shoot one, but it might bring a gang of deputies charging down here," he said.

So now, when he was obviously disappointed, Emmett yielded.

"Maybe he unknowingly was right. We're scared, like the Indians," he whispered to Brady. "Slip your gun in your pocket, Steve, and come out."

Upon the delighted suggestion of Bennett, who considered himself privileged to suggest what fashion of picture it should be, on account of his authorship in the move, Nora consented to go outside and pose for a photo.

A brisk breeze was blowing, the moon was slowly rising, but the lawn was still dark, and he was smitten with an inspiration.

"A wind like that blowing your hair and skirts about would make an awful pretty picture, Miss Nora," he said admiringly. "It 'ud be like one of them posters down to Iroquois."

Out in the centre of the lawn behind the house stood the arbor, with its white lattice work showing in the faint light of the moon's edge.

"The manufacturers guarantee this powder for about this distance," said Emmett, stepping up to a short distance from the arbor. "I made a mark here the other day when I photographed the arbor on account of the pretty effect against those bushes behind. So I know just where to set my lens. Please stand against the side of the lattice there and burn this match until I make sure."

Nora, burning the match, which brought only her face with its anxious brown eyes and the tired droop about her small mouth into evidence, made, as the deputy had said, a pretty picture. Her light dress was whipping in the wind and her hair was flying about her face. Emmett, emerging from under his focussing cloth with a grunt of satisfaction, put a match in his flashlight holder and poured out the powder.

"Steady there! You're losing half of it in this wind," cried Brady.

"Take off your coat and hold it up to shield it, Steve," said Emmett. "Now, Nora, ready!"

Almost before the bang of the flashlight had died away Nora was fairly sobbing in their midst.

"There's something in there!" she cried.

"To the house, Nora!" cried Brady, without stopping to ask questions, and at the same instant drawing his weapon from his hip pocket and firing straight into the arbor as he leaped toward it, with the double purpose of intimidating some enemy and of summoning Thompson. In a few bounds he was at the door, while the deputy, although taken by surprise at first, was only a few steps behind him. Emmett, bitterly swearing at his own neglect to bring a weapon, had recklessly thrust a handful of flashlight powder into the holder, and at imminent danger to his eyes, inserted a match and fired. For that instant, with his eyes unblinded by the flash which came from behind, Brady saw the interior clearly. It was empty.

"Round this way," cried Bennett, startled but game, "take the other side!"

"Go back and stay with Nora! For God's sake, take care of her!" yelled Brady to Emmett, as he darted around to the open space behind the bushes. Not a sign was to be seen.

Emmett, speeding to the house, where a slender figure was standing outlined against the lamplight, passed Thompson, armed with the shotgun, running in the opposite direction. Neither stopped for a word, recognizing the other's mission. But before Thompson reached the scene Brady and the deputy had circled the bushes and were facing each other. Not a sign of any intruder was visible.

The men stared at each other in bewilderment. It seemed hardly possible that any living thing could have crossed the expanse of lawn on all sides and gained the shelter of the trees without being seen. The moon had risen and was beaming brightly over the edge of the shrubbery.

"We might make a circuit of the place," suggested Brady.

Cautiously, and keeping wide apart, so that if any attack was made they should not all be set upon at once, they proceeded about the grounds, peering keenly into every clump of shrubbery. But there was nothing to be seen.

"Nora's nervous and overwrought," suggested Brady. "She probably heard the bushes rustling or some dead leaves blowing about. But if there was anything there——" He left the sentence unfinished, and doubled up his fists in a way that augured no good for anything that should try to harm Nora.

The three walked slowly back to the house, where Emmett, who had given Nora a glass of water, was regarding

her thoughtfully. The girl was still trembling, but had forced a nervous laugh.

"I'm sorry to have caused all this about nothing," she said, "but I was scared for the time."

"Just what frightened you, Nora?" asked Brady.

"Why," said the girl, "while I was standing there I noticed a peculiar kind of fetid smell that seemed to grow stronger——"

"Sure it wasn't a polecat?" asked the deputy. "Maybe that would account for our not seein' anything. If so, I'm glad we didn't find it."

"No," said the girl quietly, "it wasn't a polecat. And just as you fired the flashlight, I heard directly behind me a distinct snarl."

There was dead silence for a minute or two. But the face of the deputy grew grave.

"If there's a wolf skulking around you'd better look out for your horses, gentlemen. Maybe there is a wolfpack around here. Hadn't one of us better sit up?"

Brady was about to remark that signs of a wolfpack would certainly take on some form that was recognizable, but as he glanced at Nora and saw the palpable relief in her face at this explanation of the matter, he refrained. Moreover, he reflected, it would probably explain to the deputy the need of keeping guard.

So he said nothing, and at the deputy's suggestion the men trooped out to the kitchen in quest of something to eat, leaving Brady and Nora alone.

"Nora," he said, "you and Mrs. Lawson had better go to bed. We'll see that nothing happens."

"Not just yet, Steve," pleaded the girl, a pitiful little smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. "Let me sit here by the fire a little. I'm—I'm rather shaken."

Down in Montreal they called Steve Brady "Hearts-Afire," and he had earned his name. But to-night, as he looked down at Nora Westemonde, so white and tired, so little in the big chair, there was an expression on his face that was new.

"Another cushion now?" he said, tucking a footstool beneath her slippers. "Let me put this one behind your back."

Gently he took hold of Nora's shoulder, bending her forward, and with the touch something leaped up in him, something that was sweeter and stronger than any emotion he had ever known; a passionate desire to gather her up and take her away and keep her safe forever, to shield her from all danger and sorrow, to make her his own; and he knew that for him Nora was the one woman of a thousand. With a sudden masterful gesture he drew the little head against his breast, and held her close for one deep moment. Then she sat swiftly erect.

"Don't, Steve," she said wistfully. "You know you don't mean it."

For answer he dropped on his knees beside her chair, leaning on the broad arm, and turned her face towards him. For an instant she looked, inexplicably thrilled by his steady gaze, and lowered her eyelids in confusion.

"Do I mean it, Nora?" he asked softly. "Ah, girl, you know I do—you know it."

"Do I know it, Hearts-Afire?" she flashed at him suddenly. "All I know is that you make love well—too well not to have had practice. Now let me go."

She tried to rise, but he gently prevented her.

"You've some right to say what you did, girl," he told her, "though I did not know you'd heard the stories. What I've done, I've done, and I'll stand to it. But they'll never call me Hearts-Afire again, I promise you that. No, whether you say yes or no to the question I'm asking you. That was ended when I first saw your face. . . . Listen to me, Nora. . . . You've got to listen. . . . Do you remember the Scott assignment, the day we were both sent out to interview his widow? It was wet and cold and you'd no rubbers on. I've never forgotten how you looked, with your cheeks pink and your eyes shining and your hair curling with the rain. I said to myself then that if a man had a girl like you he'd never

need to go looking elsewhere, and—well, I don't know why I should have done it, but there's—there's been no reason for anyone to call me Hearts-Afire since."

She had been staring into the fire, but as he stopped, she turned, searching his face.

"True talk, Steve?" she asked very soberly.

"True," he said. "Do you believe?"

"Yes," she answered. "At least, I know you don't lie. . . I'm very glad—you don't know how that name hurt me."

"Hurt you? You mean—? Then you do care, Nora?"

She did not answer, but turned again to the red embers. Brady hesitated a moment, and then turned her face towards him again. The long black lashes curtained her eyes.

"Say you care, girl—say it now. They'll be coming back in a minute."

For an instant the curtains remained lowered, and then shyly, wonderfully, she gave him one glorious look. With a stifled cry he drew her into his arms and kissed her; and again the miracle of a new heaven and a new earth was made. The werewolf was forgotten, lost in the joy of that firstkiss.

A door opened somewhere in the rear, and the voices of the others sounded more plainly. Nora rose quickly.

"I can' t see them now—dear," she said, as he put out a restraining hand. "I'll run upstairs before they come. Are you sure you'll be careful if—if anything happens? It was bad enough to have you in danger before, but now ——"

At the foot of the stairs Brady took her in his arms again, not answering her, except with another kiss. He held her away from him, searching, committing to memory every line of her delicate little face with that look of anxiety for him on it. Not many women had looked like that for Steve Brady.

"Thank God you are safe," he muttered. "If that Thing had touched you I'd have killed it with my bare hands."

"You will be careful, won't you?"

"Yes, little girl. You've given me a reason. But—I've got to follow the scarlet strand."

"The scarlet strand?"

"You know, don't you? The red thread that's woven into every length of cordage in the British Navy. It means what Nelson said at Trafalgar, that England expects every man to do his duty. I've got to get this story for the paper—and for you."

Shyly, gravely, she bent down from the stair where she stood above him, and kissed him of her own accord. She knew the code of the paper. And as she vanished up the stairway the others came into the living-room.

Obviously Bennett was not disturbed by the incident of the arbor. He had manufactured sandwiches in the kitchen with sardines and ham and returned after his repast with a beatific smile on his face, helping himself to another cigar on his arrival.

The two others were thoughtful and silent, and finally, when he suggested that they develop the plate and see what was upon it, Emmett assented, more to have something to do than for any other reason.

"There is no use even in making a pretense of turning in at this hour," he reflected, "although he surely will sleep soundly enough."

Bennett examined with much interest the shuttered room in which Emmett had arranged his dark room, questioned the meaning of the black curtains over the door, and finally watched with great interest the tray in which Emmett was slowly washing the developing fluid from end to end. He exclaimed with delight as outline after outline of the picture grew and he could see that it was unmistakably Nora. Emmett placed the picture in the fixing pan; he suddenly started and glanced keenly at it through the liquid. The next instant he had snatched it from the pan and held it before the light, turning his shoulder against the deputy. The next instant, with shaking hands, he had ripped the paper to pieces.

To be continued

Manufacturing on the Farm

by

W·J·Shanks

Drawings by
Frederic M·Grant

TWO men stood on the station platform at Calgary after the train had discharged its cosmopolitan crowd, taken on another, and disappeared toward the westerly foothills with staccato earnestness.

One was a retired British Major General, who knew the ranching country as a city toiler knows his favorite trout stream. Age about sixty-five, —booted, cultured, nomadic. He had ranched, in a leisurely way, not twenty miles from where he now stood, a quarter of a century ago. After three or four years' intermittent attempts to alchemize two extremes of civilization, he had gone back to the London clubs to stay.

His companion on the railway platform was a type of the keen, twentieth century Canadian farmer in the middle thirties. His boyish face had sparkled with enthusiasm as he recognized his father, the General, alighting from the train. There were frank, hearty greetings.

"Back again, guv'nor. Hurrah! Give me those grips and I'll throw them into the machine. Got a real flyer for your special benefit. We can get home for early tea. Jump in."

The high-geared car swept over the hard highway, and the General settled back in the cushions. The younger man talked of family affairs for awhile, and occasionally slowed down as his companion began studying the landscape with the eye of an ever-young nomad and friendly critic.

"Big changes, George. Where in thunder did you get all those fences? And what makes all those cattle look so tame and well-fed?"

The car was rushing between gently sloping plains of emerald. The veritable "cattle on a thousand hills" were peacefully grazing, and the skyline to the west and south was like an animated canvas from Turner.

"Mostly because they are fed and cared for," said the younger man sententiously, "instead of being allowed to run wild and pick up a living where they could. We've got over the idea that cattle kept themselves, same as we've got over the idea that farm machinery could be left out-of-doors over winter, and we treat the steer as a money-making machine that must be kept to its highest capacity. We're turning good grain into hogs and cattle that pay even bigger dividends."

"I must take a look at your methods, my boy," said the General with interest. "You talk like John Bedford. D'you remember the Bedfords at home —county family, land-poor for generations? John Bedford grew up with a

practical bent, and he's gone in for scientific farming—intensive, he calls it. By Jove, the place is paying dividends for the first time since Edward the Confessor."

Father and son laughed together, and the General's eye was suddenly caught by a patch of vivid blue-green on the right of the road.

"What's yonder?" he asked. "You haven't transplanted the Emerald Isle, have you?"

"Alfalfa. That's the calf-pasture, where we fatten the little beggars for prime veal. There's a bigger one just over that bald-faced hill, where we put the steers for finishing. No more thin-flanked, long-horned rangy beasts for the packing-houses now—we send fattened animals in prime condition or none at all."

The young man's enthusiasm was not lost on the old-school rancher. Yet the latter stroked his chin and looked thoughtful.

"Seems to me the old guard must be pretty lonesome about here. Where are they all gone, anyway?"

"Not far away, most of them. You remember Ferguson?—he still owns three sections up there on the right. Sold the rest to Americans, and began real farming on what he had left. Ferguson's too rich now for his own good, but he sends sensible orders from Winnipeg to his men here.

"This section to the left belongs to Dalton. You won't forget him. It's about ten years since he quit whisky for hog-raising—and he's rich, too."

"Bless my soul—*hogs*, did you say?"

"Yes; pigs—porkers. We've got the corn belt, in the States, beaten on them. They fatten easily, and are the least trouble. As that fellow Butler says, 'Pigs is pigs.'"

The conversation drifted back to older days. These two, father and son, had been comrades when their ranch was a real outpost of civilization. The boy had literally grown up in the saddle from the time his father, and his two older brothers, had allowed him to take his own pony and keep in the rear of the "round-ups."

"I've been thinking I'd find things changed," said the General musingly. "We read more Canadian papers at home than English ones. Still, there are the old blessed plains, sure enough, in spite of the fences.

"Do you remember when Bill got his commission, and Jack went into the bank? They both told me you were the luckiest dog in the family, because you were going to stay on the ranch. I'm glad you did, my boy. You look as if it agreed with you."

"It does," said the younger. "Not only with me, but with Mildred and the kids. She was a bit lonesome at first—missed the drawing rooms and garden parties, I suppose—but now she wouldn't trade an Alberta farm for an English castle."

"Those were great times, George, when we used to ride after the beeves. Come to think of it, they were pretty slab-sided and hungry-looking, even when the grass was waist-high. But—gad, what rides we had. Eh?"

It was the younger man's turn to look serious. He was thinking, maybe, of some of those mad, galloping, expeditions, when he was still under twenty, with older companions who were care-free to a fault. There were retrospects of daring adventures, of purposeless days in the "cow-town," of boon companions who had drifted—God knows where.

"It couldn't last," he said finally. "The old ranching idea was three-fourths sport and one-fourth business. Some of the best fellows I ever knew didn't allow business to monopolize even a tenth part of their time.

"I don't know what made me 'pull up' and start in as a real farmer. Maybe it was that trip down to the experimental farm. I was going to stay a month, and stayed six. Say, if you've got any crack farmers in England, you ought to send them over here for a post-graduate course."

The automobile was slowing up along a lane leading to a rambling structure, of decidedly English cast. There was a trim brick addition on one side, and deep verandas. The outbuildings were the pink of modernity.

Running down to meet the car were two sturdy boys, who climbed aboard to meet the homecomers. On the veranda, a young woman in simple white was already waving her greetings.

"Well," said the General as he climbed out, "this does an old globe-trotter good. I see you've fixed the place up wonderfully. Still, it's got the old home look."

Those were busy days and restful evenings as the veteran of Mafeking and the possessor of a boxful of medals renewed acquaintance with the scenes of his early Canadian exploits as an amateur rancher.

There were visits to the modern farms of other ex-ranchers who had chosen to keep pace with modern conditions; a trip to the famous "Bar U," where the last word in blooded Percherons is being written for horse-breeders; to Banff, where, under the starlit skies, and with the Bow River's rushing music in his ears, the General found military cronies from three continents on the hotel verandas. Then there were drives and walks over the old farm, with his son as demonstrator and tutor. Gradually the bigness of the future loomed larger than the receding past.

One day they were comparing old methods with the new in feeding stock. The son grew eloquent.

"Listen! I'm only a young man, but I've learned a few things by watching the older hands. I picked up some good theories in the experimental school, but they are of less value than the practical pointers from the men who have spent their lives here, and know the country's real needs and possibilities. You remember the big herds of long-horned beeves we used to round up? They're gone, and their kind will never come back. We're now competing in the world's markets with real beef. We've got packing plants at Calgary and Vancouver, with a score of branches throughout Alberta and British Columbia. We're supplying the home market, and Indian contracts, and in the last year, according to government statistics, these territories exported over 60,000 head of beef cattle.

"When the old herds died down, people thought the beef industry was on its last legs. We were only beginning for a fresh start. The settlers came in, and cut up the old ranches. Right up to the base of the mountains you will find the modern farmer putting up fences, and getting ready for mixed farming.

"Of course, the cattle couldn't run any longer. Some fellows began to sell off their breeding stock. They didn't know what else to do, and, as you may guess, some of the older ranchers considered mixed farming a disgrace. Then came the magic talisman that made them quit selling their breeding stock—alfalfa.

"Up on the Bow River banks there in one alfalfa pasture of 1,000 acres. Lane owns it of course. He has bought 10,000 acres in all for an alfalfa and fattening pasture You'll see his stock at the Calgary Fair, if you can stay over for it. He's a crack horse-breeder, and there are half a dozen others who turn out the finest sort of cattle, hogs, sheep—'most everything that goes on four legs. That Fair is a big help in many ways to the farmer It keeps up the standard, for one thing. When a fellow goes down there and sees what the other men are doing to improve their live-stock, it makes him hustle to pick up all the pointers he can get, and hike home to put 'em in practice. I'll show you my two-year-old heifer next time we go down to the south range—the one I'm going to enter this summer at the exhibition. Prettiest thing you ever saw—raised on alfalfa"

"How about the soil?" asked the General "Doesn't alfalfa wear it out?"

"Not for a minute. It's exactly the other way Alfalfa is the stuff to strengthen tired soil. Alfalfa is like a bank deposit. The longer the seed stays in the ground the heavier the crops, apparently. Dry seasons may check the growth, but don't kill the fertility of the seed. When alfalfa gets a real start, there are three cuttings a year, with a market value of from $50 to $75 per acre per year. It beats dollar wheat.

"All the big men agree that Alberta,

"WHEN A FELLOW HAS BEEN TO THE FAIR AND SEEN WHAT THE OTHER MEN ARE DOING TO IMPROVE THEIR LIVE STOCK, IT MAKES HIM HUSTLE TO BRING HIS OWN UP TO STANDARD. I'M GOING TO EXHIBIT THAT BALD-FACE. TWO-YEAR-OLD NEXT SEASON."

with alfalfa, can be made a bigger beef exporting market than it was in the old ranching days, with its immense herds. These districts are to-day on the dividing line between beef imports and beef exports. Unless modern conditions, which include alfalfa, become the rule, it will only be two or three years before Alberta will have to import beef for local consumption. That would mean two or three cents per pound more for householders.

"When the big ranching companies went out of business many of the larger land owners naturally sold a good share of their holdings. They figured they could make more by selling than by owning a cattle ranch that brought in no dividends. Even the smaller stockmen, who depended on grazing land adjoining their own holdings, began to get out when the winter wheat farmers came along and fenced the lands up.

"It was a Kansas man who taught us that by feeding grain and alfalfa to steers, it was possible to make a gain of five pounds per day per steer. He got those results, on his own place, for forty-seven consecutive days. Conditions in Kansas, and those in Alberta, are enough alike to make this demonstration a land mark for Alberta farmers. And they have learned the lesson well. My methods are no different from those of scores of cattle raisers hereabouts. We wean calves in the fall, shelter and feed them the first winter, herd cows during the summer, and mate them with pure bred bulls, which, at the close of the breeding season, are withdrawn to separate pastures. We keep weak cattle from exposure. With our modern feeding methods we know how much a steer should eat every month, and how much he should weigh as a result."

"Mark you, the Alberta cattle-raiser knows something of the world's markets. He knows that the supply of beeves is diminishing, especially in the vast consuming nation to the south. The problem of the cost of living is intimately related to the beef industry. As the haphazard methods of the United States cattle raisers fail to keep pace with both export and home demands, the cattle raisers of Alberta, and other parts of our West, find opportunity in the employment of scientific methods. They are raising better cattle, and getting better prices, as their southern competitors drop out of the race. You'll see the best beeves in the world at the Calgary Fair, and in the Calgary packing plants. United States packers pay fancy prices for Alberta beef. The Alberta Cattle Breeders' Association has labored to build up the quality of cattle in the Province, and their work is beginning to show. The small farmers come here for the same reason that the big ranchmen came here years ago—they find the same nutritious grasses, the same 'chinooks', the same wealth-producing elements in nature's laboratory. But intensive farming is the twentieth century slogan.

"Mixed farming is best for the small, all-round producer. Even those who make a specialty of wheat raising should have a few head of stock. Then, when the lean year comes, he'll have something to turn into ready cash. It is the aggregate of small stock herds that will make Alberta a big cattle exporting region in the next few years.

"Of late years, we Alberta farmers have been sending a good many unfinished cattle to eastern markets. As the alfalfa meadows increase in size, our cattle will get a fattening process before being sent to market. We will not only export heavier beeves but, in the fattening process, the soil will be permanently enriched. Home feeding is a great replenisher of our chief capital, the soil."

One evening, on the veranda, they were joined by Dalton, who had come over to greet the General, and indulge in reminiscences.

"George tells me you've become one of the expert hog raisers in the Province," said the General, after an hour's talk. "How and why?"

"Because I wanted something easy," said Dalton. "Porkers simply coin money for you. I keep improving breeds all the time, but the soil's the thing. This farming proposition is just the same thing as the conditions the manufacturer is up against. We've

got to cut our manufacturing cost down to the lowest possible limit. More than that why shouldn't we manufacture the thing that costs us least and sells for most? In other words, if we can turn our manufactured product into a higher-priced and more valuable commodity, why should we miss the chance to do it?"

"That sounds like good logic," said the General. "But just how does it apply in practice?"

Dalton settled himself more comfortably in the porch-chair and pulled at his pipe until the bowl glowed in the dusk.

"Take an iron-maker, for instance," he said. "He's turning out so many thousand pieces of pig-iron a day at his plant. Suppose he can turn his iron into steel and double his profits? Is he going to keep on making iron? Not much. He's going to turn out steel. Same way here. We're manufacturing wheat out of soil. If we can convert that wheat into pork with the help of alfalfa, peas and so on, and get a better price for it than we could get for the raw product, why, it's up to us to manufacture pork. That's the why you were asking me about a minute ago."

The General nodded comprehension, and Dalton went on leisurely:

"Now, about the how. Let's take another manufacturer as an example—say a fellow who makes plows. If he's a big manufacturer, he's got the exact cost of every piece of material that goes into one of his plows figured out to the decimal point, and he knows to a cent what each plow costs him to turn out. Suppose he finds out that by using a less expensive material in a certain part he can cut down his manufacturing cost fifty cents or a dollar, and at the same time turn out a better, more valuable article. He isn't likely to go on using the old stuff, is he? No more are we. When we know that we can manufacture pigs out of wheat and alfalfa and peas and rape and get a

"THIS FARMING PROPOSITION IS JUST THE SAME THING THE MANUFACTURER IS UP AGAINST," SAID DALTON. WE'RE MANUFACTURING PORK OUT OF WHEAT AND FIELD PEAS AND ALPALPA."

better, finer-flavored product than Iowa can get out of corn, we aren't going to give up the hog business just because we don't grow corn, are we?"

"Of course not," agreed the General, promptly. "And you mean to tell me that you can pasture pigs like cattle and get results equal to those secured by corn-feeding? Corn-fed bacon has always been a sort of *sine qua non* in my mind."

"Sure thing," said Dalton. "The packing-houses pay more for pea-fed pork than for corn-fed. That proves it, doesn't it? We've been competing with the corn-belt to the south, and I think we've got them securely licked now. Hogs not only have better flavor, but fatten quicker on wheat, field peas, or alfalfa, with root crops in the winter. These are our mainstays up here, and we don't need corn. And, as I said, what's the use of selling wheat at sixty-five cents a bushel when that same bushel of wheat put into pork will sell for eighty cents up to a dollar?

"How do we know all this? Well, careful experiments have shown that it takes from three hundred to five hundred pounds of corn to produce one hundred pounds of gain in a pig, whereas in wheat-feeding you can put that hundred on the pig's ribs with four hundred and twenty pounds of wheat. The price of pork in Southern Alberta hasn't been below four and a quarter per hundred during the past six years. Wheat converted into pork at $4.25 per hundred would realize sixty cents per bushel; at $5.00 per hundred, seventy-one cents per bushel; at $6.00 per hundred, eighty-six cents per bushel, and at $7.00 per hundred, one dollar per bushel. Supplementing the wheat with alfalfa, rape or tare pasture in summer and roots in winter, the number of pounds of grain required to produce one hundred pounds of pork can be greatly reduced and the value per bushel realized correspondingly increased.

"Peas are a standby up here. They are suited to the climate and soil. One bushel of peas will do as much hog fattening as one and one-third bushels of corn. It is easier to raise fifty bushels of peas in our climate and soil than to raise forty bushels of corn in the corn belt.

"We've got practical results on top of the demonstrations by the scientific hog raisers in the agricultural colleges. We employ the field method—let the hogs do their own cultivating. It saves labor, and is better for the soil. We know what we can do. Pea-fed pork is the highest priced at the packing-houses, and we can raise six hundred and fifty pounds of pork per acre from hogs grazed on peas.

"On top of that, we're gradually turning big alfalfa fields and clover pastures into hog grazing fields. Clover is the favorite, but alfalfa stands pasturing better Ten to fifteen head of pigs, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds each in the spring, will pasture on an acre of alfalfa and make a gain of one hundred pounds during the season. In the fall finish with peas, barley or wheat. That accounts for the new packing houses at Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, and a score of smaller places."

Some weeks later there was a little farewell dinner to the General in Calgary. He was again a nomad, with an Imperial commission to report on military manoeuvres in Australia.

The toasts were many. The old cow-town had not witnessed such a "round-up" of old-time ranchers for many a day. When the General's turn came, his voice was a bit throaty.

"Boys," he said, "in a few days I will be on the ocean, and will soon be talking with our Australian cousins about military defenses. If I were thirty years younger, I'd begin all over again, and start raising cattle and hogs in Alberta. I've been at school on my son's farm. The Empire is safe as long as such farms exist and multiply. I represent the older civilization. Fill up your glasses, and drink to the new."

The Voice of Rachael

By George R. Belton

Illustrated by Frederick Noteware

TOM MACK, whistling a tuneful old-time love melody, followed his four big horses from the field.

The light was fading from the sky in a rich sombre red glow while the blue-gray east began to take on the peculiar dark, rounded shadow seen only on prairie or desert and called "the shadow of approaching night." The long twilight of the Canadian prairie was beginning.

Spring was merging into a summer of great promise; fresh rains, balmy winds and gentle heat had produced that sweet consciousness of latent motherhood all nature seems to wear when the returning sun creates the earth anew and every plant is striving towards its utmost growth and production.

The fresh-plowed garden sent forth its aroma of sweet-smelling earth; underfoot the mint and briar, crushed by hoof or boot, gave back its forgiveness in a scented message. From the far-off field came the boom of mating grouse, and nearer by the night hawk swooped with buzzing cry, startling home fowl into a moment's outcry. Peace and quiet: the quiet of nature fulfilling her highest purposes in accord with man and the completion of her sixth day's labor: the peace of the man who acknowledges his Creator in all his ways.

Tom Mack went through his evening's work quietly, leisurely, except for the masterful precision that produces speed without haste. The horses drank, raised their eyes for that far-off look into the distance so often recalling to the prairie dweller the gaze of the desk-bound country-born, then, with harness hastily pulled, they rolled on the bare spot near the machine shed, shook themselves and went into their stable, where Tom had forked their hay. With a final touch to their necks or shoulders after throwing each a measure of grain he left them for the night.

Life seemed good to Tom Mack, pioneer, owner of sufficient acres to bring more than competence with just enough toil to answer his once repeated prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," but not enough to bring the trouble, annoyance and intrusion of hired labor. Yet as he walked from barn to house he cast one wistful glance towards the small green mound fenced with white palings out under the maple trees, and set his jaw sternly as he looked across the river to the house of Red Bill Sanderson topping the long crest three miles beyond. For years he had not looked toward the mound with longing, nor towards the white house with remembrance, but to-night memories and longings had their way with him, though bitterness was past.

At the home door Mary met him with the same affectionate welcome twenty years had not wearied. Matronly in figure and fresh of face, she was restful and comforting to look upon, and her glance to-night had more of the coyness of the maiden than Tom had noticed for years.

White linen and neat china set forth an appetizing and wholesome meal. Tom put off his work shoes, doused his

MARY SAT DOWN ON THE EMPTY COUCH AND COVERED HER FACE

hands and face with water fresh from the rain-barrel outside, changed his soiled smock for a light house vest, and stepped into the inner room with the same quiet, speedy lack of hurry that marked his work.

Inside he stopped and stared.

Lying upon the lounge where he took his after-dinner sleep was a sweet-faced baby, sleeping as only babies sleep. It was wrapped in a robe laid away for years, and did not even need its slight resemblance to another babe to bring him to its side at once.

Mary stood beside him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"They came by the south road to-day: two young people hurrying north to catch the west-bound train on the new road. It was her mother was sick; the bridge is down, you remember, and they had to leave their horse and rig at the other side and cross the old foot bridge; then they walked from the river, each carrying the baby by turns. Both were tired out, and she asked if I would take care of the baby till they return by to-morrow morning's train."

Tom Mack said nothing in reply, but stood still, looking. Then he stooped and kissed the little hand thrown above the coverlet.

"Let us have supper," he said, turning to the table, and for some time nothing was said.

"What kind of people were they?" asked Tom, after a while.

"She was pretty and young, rather fair, with blue eyes and the sweetest little curved mouth. I wanted to kiss her, she seemed so troubled."

"Yes, but what was he like?"

"Well, I didn't like his looks so well; dark, with heavy brows and eyes not meeting mine too steadily; handsome, though —handsome as—as——"

"Yes, yes, handsome enough, I'll warrant you; handsome enough to break a girl's heart and laugh over it," said Tom. "It's the handsome ones —as handsome goes nowadays—that brings trouble into happy homes and hearts."

"Oh, now, Tom, how you go on! Sure, you are handsome enough, or thought you were twenty years ago."

Tom's smile ended in a sigh and he looked at the baby again.

"Such a sweet child," said Mary. "She laughed and crowed all afternoon, and went asleep on my arm as if she could never know troubles."

"God grant she never may," said Tom Mack.

Going to work next morning, Tom stepped back alone into the room to hold the baby's hand a moment and kiss its sleeping face, and when he stepped out the side door he brushed away a tear with his rough sleeve.

Dinner time came, and neither haste nor eagerness could be discerned as he came into the house, and he said no word of surprise when he saw the baby

blinking its eyes at him from the high chair brought from the attic and placed between their table positions.

"They did not come," he only said.

"No," said Mary, with a slight catch in her voice. "Perhaps they missed the return train."

"I am going to the station this afternoon." said Tom. "Is there anything to bring?"

"Yes," said Mary. "You will have to bring some food for baby Alice."

Tom started at the name and turned to the child a moment.

"Baby Alice, baby Alice," he said, and the little one crowed to him with the light of love in its eyes.

Next dinner-time it was the same, but Tom voiced his thought.

"Surely no one could ever abandon a baby like that," said Tom. "Yet I have read, yes, and know myself, of selfish people who have done it."

"I read in that very paper," said Mary, pointing to the newly opened mail, "of a poor girl who left her baby on a doorstep in the city with a note to the kind folks within to keep it as their own; and they are keeping it, for they have no children of their own."

"But, of course, the husband was along when the baby was left here," added Mary.

"The father might be party to the arrangement," said Tom. "People know us far enough to try to work some such scheme. Wretched work it is, too."

"But we will take care of the child until——" began Mary.

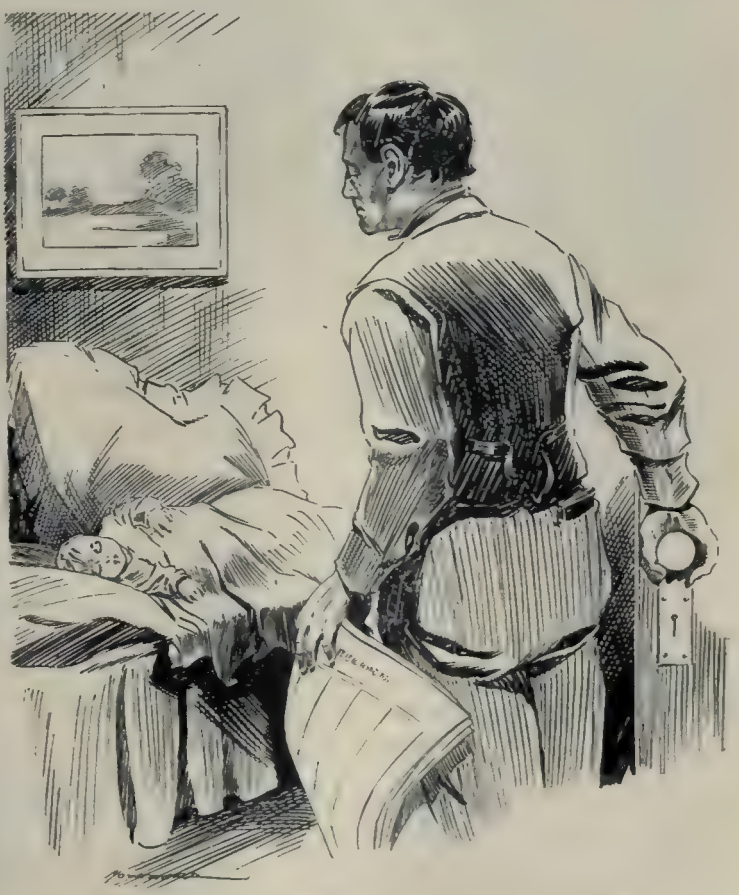
"Oh, yes, of course," answered Tom. "The child has no blame in the matter, however it turns out."

Next noonday the baby had found its full baby freedom, and Tom took the child in his arms, played with it, and finally put it to sleep before going to work.

The evening came, and Tom, walking from barn to house, whistled the little lilting love tune he had hummed to baby at noon-time. Inside he found Mary bent over the stove and busy. Stepping into the room after his wash he looked around vacantly.

"Where is the baby?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"They came and took her away, Tom," said Mary, coming in with his



THERE ON THE COUCH WHERE HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO TAKE HIS AFTER-DINNER NAP LAY A BABY

TOM PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP BEFORE GOING BACK TO THE FIELD

supper. "They just reached the hill above the station that day to see the west-bound pull out; a freight took them west that night, but was delayed, and met the east-bound at a side station the next morning. Then they missed the next morning's train owing to change of time for departure."

"The mother made all apologies for the trouble the child had been, and the husband wanted to pay me. I'm afraid I was rude to them, but baby Alice cried and held to my dress with her little hand."

She sat down on the empty couch and covered her face.

Tom Mack stood a moment as if hesitating. Then he went to her side and taking her hands in his he leaned her head on his breast with—

"Mary, poor Mary, God help us and remember the childless."

. . . . .

Searching that evening for some mislaid papers Tom Mack lifted his wife's Bible, and from between the leaves fell a clipping from that week's newspaper, blotted and tear-stained:

My little child that never on my breast
Against the heart that loved it wept
or smiled;
Still is my right to say, though unpossessed, My little child.

Being a woman, is the thought so wild
That somewhere through the distances unguessed,
One waits whom never touch of earth defiled?
My little child my arms have never pressed,
Yet sometimes in the night, Oh, mother mild,
Mary in Heaven, comfort into rest
My little child.

Slowly he read it through and laid it gently back in the book.

"It doesn't say anything about fathers," he commented.

THE RETURN

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

OPEN sky and open sea,
Wind across the bay;
Now my love comes back to me,
Shall I say him Nay?

Whitecaps breaking at the pier—
He comes oversea,
From the maids of half the world
Turning back to me.

Spring and sun and salty wind,
Bird and bursting spray;
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!" "O my love,
Yea yea, yea!"

THE SCRIP THAT ENTITLES ISIDORE TO 240 ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND AND THE COMMISSION WHO DELIVER IT AND THE TREATY MONEY

Peddling Scrip to Lo

By Nellie L. McClung

Illustrated with Photographs

ISIDORE BOUVIER, son of Michael Bouvier, is the color of an old copper kettle. Isidore is lazy, improvident, of a childlike simplicity—a lamentable heathen with a thirst. The temperament that sent Michael Bouvier laughing into far places and brought him back empty-handed, but gay, is Isidore's; to-morrow's dinner is no concern of to-day with him. On the side of his Chipewayan mother, he is one of the original owners of Canada.

Recognizing Isidore's claim to something more than a shilling and a Scotch blessing, the Dominion Government sends a Commissioner every year to give Isidore and his fellow-halfbreeds a slice of their birthright in the shape of scrip, which is a clear deed to 240 acres of any Government land open for homesteading.

Thereupon, does Isidore select a 240-acre plot, settle down to sweat over plow-handles, and found a home for

"WHITE MAN MAKES WATER BURN!" SAID THESE INDIANS WHEN THEY SAW. DR. STEWART MANIPULATING HIS ALCOHOL LAMP

himself and the succeeding generations of Bouviers? Not much. He is like a child that has been given a milk-ticket instead of a drink of milk. Ease on that farm is to be obtained only at the price of hard work, and work is no friend of Isidore's. So it comes to pass that shortly after the Commissioner has handed out that significant document some wily camp-follower who is always at hand when scrip is abroad has Isidore's little slip of Government paper, and Isidore is all lit up at the Chipewayan equivalent of the canteen. Isidore is uproariously happy. The white man is happy, too, though less demonstratively. Only the Good White Father sighs over poor human nature.

Ten years ago the canny white man could get Isidore's scrip for almost nothing. Perhaps he might give as much as $75 for 160 acres. Then he would put the scrip on land which he could sell for $20 or more an acre, thus securing a pleasant profit of 4,200 per cent. on his original investment. Some of the wealthy men of the Canadian West who spend their winters in Florida or on the Riviera made their money by this simple process. As for Isidore, he increased his knowledge of unnatural history via "hell-in-a-half-pint," as the traders' whiskey is very properly called. These halcyon days are pretty well over now. The hangers on of our camp had to go as high as $500 before they got Isidore's birthright. Even the halfbreeds are catching on.

The Commission which carried us as passengers after leaving the Canadian Northern went out from Prince Albert to arrange Treaty No. 10 with the Saskatchewan Indians. In 1907 it was something of an achievement to drive the distance of 150 miles between Prince Albert and Green Lake, for the streams were swollen and the bridges swept away by spring freshets. The country was beautiful, a fine rolling prairie with occasional belts of jack-pine, and has since been settled quite largely. At Green Lake we took to Peterborough canoes of basswood, ten

in number, and headed across the water to the Hudson's Bay Company post and the Roman Catholic mission at the north end of the lake. The land around Green Lake is comparatively level and well wooded. There is poplar enough to provide fuel for the population for many decades, as well as considerable large timber. The lake, in common with all these northern waters, contains an abundance of fish—jackfish, pickerel and whitefish. The wild strawberry season was at its best, and the Commission fared luxuriously.

Down Beaver River to Lac la Plonge the trip was delightful. The current was strong enough to carry the light Peterboroughs without much paddling; the banks were well wooded; there was abundance of game and fish to keep the "grub-bag" well filled; and as for appetite—the open air sharpened it to a nice edge. Like Indians, we travelled "by fires," a primitive method of dividing time. At five in the morning we broke camp, after a breakfast of fish, bacon, bread and coffee, and dropped easily along with the current until ten o'clock, when we halted to "make tea." At this meal we usually had fried moose-steaks, which are as delicious as the best porterhouse. At two in the afternoon we halted for lunch and a half-hour's rest. After that we paddled as long as we could see. The ever-changing panorama of the river was an endless delight. The singing of birds, the crackle of underbrush where a moose came down to drink, the rustling of the branches and the soft dipping of the paddles were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

THE WATER-POWER SAWMILL AT LAC LA PLONGE

At the Hudson's Bay post on the northern shore of Green Lake the Commission held a formal sitting, while the Indians gathered as if by magic from far and near to get the latest token of the White Father's regard for them. The Commission tent was pitched and the Union Jack unfurled.

Paying Agent McLean, commonly called "Big Bear McLean," on account of his having spent sixty-three days as prisoner in Big Bear's camp during the

troublesome days of 1885, seated himself at a table inside the tent, whose outer flaps were hospitably pinned back to allow the Red Brother free entry. McLean's elaborately embroidered waistcoat was openly admired and commented on by the visitors.

At Lac la Plonge the Commissioners were warmly welcomed by the teachers in the Roman Catholic school there. A water-power sawmill sawed all the lumber for the large school where the faithful fathers and three patient sisters endeavor to instruct the little Indian children in the Christian faith. It is a sort of manual training school as well, the children being taught to work with tools, to make gardens, and even to do a little farming and dairy work; but whether the little red people will ever really love work is another question.

After leaving Lac la Plonge, the Commission resumed the canoe trip to Isle a la Crosse, where they met and adjusted the claims of three bands of Indians—the English River, Clear Lake and Canoe Lake bands; the latter a band of Crees, the two former Chipewayan. The good father of the school at Lac la Plonge accompanied the Commission to see that his people got the worth of their money when they went to the trading-post to spend it.

Each Commission brings a medical man along with them to prescribe for the red man's ills. Dr. H. A. Stewart, of Saskatoon, was the doctor with this Commission, and the Indians looked upon him with the greatest awe. His ways were marvellous in their eyes. His little alcohol lamp filled them with superstitious fear. "White Medicine-man makes water burn," they said.

One of their number had a bad finger, and when Dr. Stewart touched it, so badly diseased was the bone that it came off at the second joint. The horrified spectators took to the woods. Through the interpreter Dr. Stewart found out that they thought he could pick bones out of them any place!

Another amusing incident happened in Dr. Stewart's medical ministry here. He had given a bottle of medicine to a sick woman, telling her, through the interpreter, to take it three times a day in water. The next day her husband came and wanted new medicine for her. "Squaw sick—worse!" Dr. Stewart went to see her and found the woman suffering from a severe cold. He found out she had misunderstood his directions, and had waded out into the lake to take her medicine!

These Indians live almost entirely upon moose-meat and fish, but the supply is abundant, and there is not a pessimist, or a man with a grouch, or a Higher Critic among them. They are as happy as you are.

THE COMMISSIONER'S TENT, WHERE THE INDIANS CAME TO RECEIVE THEIR SCRIP AND "TREATY"

At Isle a la Crosse the three bands of Indians entertained the Commission by racing in their canoes, the white men acting as judges. The brawny Indian bucks have great skill and speed in paddling, and are very jealous of each other in this regard.

From Isle a la Crosse the next place of council was Stanley, and from there, after handing over the treaty money to the delighted Indians of the Buffalo Lake country, the Commission proceeded to Lac la Loche, via

the La Loche River. Lac la Loche is very near the height of land. The rivers north of it flow west into the Athabasca.

There is never any delay in getting the Indians gathered. The news of the coming of the Commission seems always to get to them in advance. Often runners are sent from one camping ground to another.

At Lac la Loche the Commission tent was pitched close beside the little church.

From Lac la Loche the Commission came back to the Churchill River, which runs from Isle a la Crosse to Hudson's Bay. The Churchill is a magnificent stream of water, with a very rapid current. It is really a series of island-studded lakes joined by swiftly running streams. It is estimated that there are about forty-two rapids on the Churchill, some of them a mile and a half long. The worst of these have to be portaged.

As the canoes slip along, when nearing a rapid, a peculiar glassiness may be observed in the water, while ahead on the horizon the white spray may be seen leaping. The Indian pilot stands up in his canoe and looks intently for a few moments, while every paddle trails in the water; then he sits down, and the canoes fall quickly into line. The white man who has not shot these rapids before shuts his eyes and hopes for the best!

The Indian's skill with the paddle in dangerous water is a wonder and delight to the white man, and his knowledge of water depths by surface indications is unerring.

At the foot of the rapids there is a fishing pool where the fish are as unsophisticated as the Indians, and will actually crowd and jostle each other to see who will have the hook!

The Indians cook fish by splitting the end of a sapling for a short distance and laying the fish in between the two halves. The other end they stick in the ground, and bend the end that has the fish pinched in it over the fire. If they want smoked fish they put the fish on the side of the fire toward which the wind is blowing. If they have a fancy for fresh fish—on the other side it goes!

The Commission left the Churchill River when they came to the mouth of the Reindeer, and followed the latter up until they came to Reindeer Lake,

THERE IS NOT A PESSIMIST OR A HIGHER CRITIC AMONG THE INDIANS. THEY ARE AS CONTENTED AS YOU ARE

which is a beautiful sheet of water 140 miles long by 50 miles wide. The southern end is wooded heavily with pine and spruce. The shores are low and abound in long, crescent-shaped bays. The sand on the gently sloping shore is yellow as gold, and the water of the lake has the most wonderful transparency, stones being quite visible thirty feet below the surface. The low banks of the lake are covered with a rich green carpet of wild crowberry, beyond which heavily timbered hills rise into a bright blue sky—the whole beautiful scene wrapped in a mantle of silence, broken only by the leaping of the fish in the crystal waters. Surely it will not be long until the outer world

DR. H. A. STEWART, OF SASKATOON, THE "MEDICINE MAN" OF THE PARTY

realizes just what a glorious country is theirs for the asking in the northern Saskatchewan district.

At the mouth of the Buffalo River a huge sandbank with a deep pool beyond it made a wonderful fishing place. Here the Commissioners employed their time fishing while the trip men made camp. But the trick was to see who could throw in his line and get it out again *without a fish*. What would Izaak Walton think of that?

At the gap in Reindeer Lake the Commissioners encountered a very heavy gale. For three hours their Peterboroughs had all they could do to ride the waves. The white men lay quietly in the canoes and let the Indians have full charge. The Indians preserve the equilibrium of the canoes by running back and forward.

At Lac du Brochet—the most northerly part the Commission reached—the Chippewa Indians came to receive their money. It was the first money they had ever seen, and it took considerable persuasion to convince them that it was as good as blankets and beads. Again it was the case of the child and the milk-ticket. But at last they were convinced of the negotiability of the green medicine-paper and could be seen in small groups discussing it with puzzled faces.

Finally the big chest was emptied and the journey done. One morning the bows of the canoes pointed up the river on the homeward trail, and with the first touch of red in the forest we came home to Prince Albert, and steel, and a porcelain bath-tub full of hot—gloriously hot—water. We had been on the trail for more than two months, from early July to early September. We had seen poor Lo at home, had carried him his birthright, beheld repeated the story of hairy Esau and the savory pottage. And as we lay awake in the hotel that night, and listened to the long, high note of a switch-engine in the yards, we felt that we had indeed come home.

"I WOULD SEE ISLAY DEAD FIRST," HE SAID FIERCELY

Islay of the Hills

By Helen B. Sturdy

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

"HURRAY, boys, hurray! Here's a shanty at last."

At the Chief's shout, the survey party broke hastily through the bushes into the clearing. Wet and chilled to their very bones from a long day's march, facing a bitter northeast wind that drove sleet and snow into their faces, the men did not pause a moment to speculate on how a well-built shanty came to stand here on the banks of Peace River, hundreds of miles from anywhere, but crowded inside and made preparations for a fire.

"W'ite man's s'ack," commented Henri, the half-breed guide, pointing to a home-made bedstead along one wall, a glazed window and a rough cupboard. "Somewan leeve here not long time ago."

Harry Cameron, transit man, threw himself in utter exhaustion on the hay mattress as Henri spoke, and almost immediately was seized with a racking fit of coughing that made the Chief look at him anxiously; but without remark, he busied himself at the hearth.

"Fonny t'ing, dis s'ack," said Henri in an undertone to him. "Dere's no

w'ite man on all de Grande Prairie," and he glanced around with something very like apprehension on his dark face.

"Cut out the ghost talk," commanded Fraser sharply. "Get supper lively, now. We need it."

Henri obeyed orders, and presently the shanty presented a picture of comfort to the hungry and tired men. A brisk fire blazed on the hearth and warmed even the farthest corners, and the appetizing odor of frying bacon and boiling tea filled the air. Fraser, busily assisted by two axe-men, was hanging wet blankets and coats on improvised dryers, and Henri was setting the table with their rough dishes, when the door suddenly opened, and a girl stood before their amazed eyes. A pretty girl she was, too; a girl of not more than eighteen years, with clear skin, a mass of dark curls snooded with a scarlet ribbon, and wonderful grey eyes. In her hand she held a riding-crop, and over her shoulder the dark face of an Indian peered. The men stared, aghast. A woman in this country was surprise enough; but a young, beautiful girl, an unmistakably white girl of breeding, was as unaccountable as a roc's egg, or one of Aladdin's genii.

"Good efening, gentlemen," she said serenely, with a slight accent.

"Oh, le bon Dieu!" ejaculated Henri, dropping the pan of bacon to cross himself. "Vierge Marie—" and he went off into a gabble of prayers. Even Fraser stood for a moment with open mouth, and before any one of the party could recover himself enough to answer her greeting, she went on rapidly:

"Gentlemen, you cannot stay here. You must come with me at once to my father's house. This place iss not for trafelers—it iss not safe."

"My dear young lady," began the Chief, "we have put in a hard week, and we are worn out. Some of us"—he glanced at Cameron—"can go no farther." But she made an imperious gesture.

"Ach, indeed you must come at once. This place is—what iss the word?—a pesthouse for the smallpox."

"There is no smallpox in this region," protested the Chief.

"But I say there iss. It wass only last week old Joe Lebrun died on that ped where he iss," pointing to Cameron. "Come!"

Swiftly she went up to him, and taking his hand as if he were a child, she led him out. The other men had already snatched coats and blankets from their places, and hurried from the evil spot. Fraser, in spite of himself, followed them. The smallpox was a thing of dread to all northern voyageurs.

Half a mile down the river she led them, and as they drew close to a log house hidden among trees the sound of wild music made Fraser draw back.

"It will be my father," she reassured him. "He iss a wonderful player on the pipes." And with the word she threw open the door hospitably. Instantly the music ceased in the middle of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," and the piper confronted them in surprise. The party saw before them a man well past middle age, tall and grizzled, with an expression at once kindly and dignified.

"What iss this, Islay?" he demanded.

"Chictak and I found these men in the smallpox shanty and prought them home. This is Mr. Fraser, father."

"Ey! ey! Come in!" he responded. "You haf done well, Islay. Gentlemen, you are welcome. Come py the fire and pe warmed. Islay, tell old Nokum to haf supper at once."

The Chief and his host made acquaintance at once, and introductions were made in form. The owner of the house was a MacDonald, and, true to Highland hospitality, made his guests free of all that he had. Shrewdly he regarded Harry Cameron, who sat leaning wearily back against the settle. "You are not well, my laddie. Cold and feefer, you haf them both. I'm thinking the Highland whisky will be goot for you. And where will I be getting the whiskey, you say? For why will I not be making it myself? So you can drink without fear of the Government."

With the word he brought out bottle and glasses, and before the party had finished their drink, Islay appeared at the door with the call to supper.

She had changed her riding suit for a dress of Highland tartan, and the trim black velvet jacket that accompanied it set off her pale skin and rose-red cheeks to perfection. The men were speechless at sight of her beauty. Harry Cameron caught at one of them as they filed out to supper.

"Is this enchanted ground, or am I just plain delirious?" he asked under-breath.

Old Nokum, nodding and smiling, motioned each to his place, and spread out a feast such as they had not had for months. Fish, bacon, potatoes, cabbage, brown bread, hot pancakes, cheese and coffee loaded the table, and vanished with a celerity that spoke volumes for Nokum's cookery.

As the meal progressed, Fraser drew out MacDonald to talk of his past life, when he had been with a Highland regiment in Egypt; when he had left the service to take the post of trader for the Hudson's Bay Company, and with his wife had settled eleven years before in this lonely spot on Peace River. The wife died, and he was left alone with Islay. Twice a year he made the long trail to Fort St. John, but his daughter had never seen the face of a white woman since her mother's death.

"I haf never the wish to leaf this place," explained Islay in answer to Fraser's questioning glance, and she smiled at him as frankly as a child. "It iss my home."

That smile was Fraser's undoing, and glancing at Harry, he saw an expression on the boy's face that answered the feeling in his own heart. For Harry had been won an hour before by that first frank handclasp in the shanty.

Next morning Fraser gladly accepted MacDonald's offer of his house as headquarters while surveying the district. Cameron was too ill to endure more exposure at present, so he relaxed in the chimney corner, drank Indian mixtures brought him by Islay, and fretted not at all.

MacDonald accompanied the surveyors almost daily for ten days as they worked up and down the river. Every evening the company gathered in the large living room, where many a song was sung and many an adventure retold. The Highlander's tales of his wild life in this frontier region were in themselves an inexhaustible mine of deepest interest to the newcomers.

"Keep your eye on Chictak, Harry," warned Fraser quietly one evening.

"GOOD EFENING, GENTLEMEN"

"I've seen him look ready to murder you when you've been talking to Miss Islay."

"By George!" said Cameron, startled. "Do you know, I've been thinking of warning you of the same thing. Jealous, I suppose."

Next day Islay accompanied the surveyors with her father. Indian summer hung like a charm over all the prairie. As far as the eye could reach to the northeast the Peace rolled away to the skyline; westward, blue-hazed foothills melted away into the purple cloud of the Rockies. Islay rode her pony fearlessly, and kept close to Fraser, chatting gaily with him.

"Harry will be lonesome to-day," suggested the Chief tentatively.

"Ach, no," she replied, with one of her frank smiles. "Nokum will be

telling him tales all morning, as she used to amuse me so long ago. They are ferry good stories, and he will not be lonesome whatefer."

The Chief threw back his head and laughed, and Islay looked puzzled at his merriment. Child that she was, she did not understand how funny Nokum seemed to him as a substitute for herself.

That night Fraser spoke seriously about Islay to MacDonald. It was time that she be taken "outside," he urged. The old Highlander shook his head.

"She iss among friends," he said simply.

"But the time comes," objected Fraser, "when she must marry, and who is there here that is worthy of her? You don't want to give her to Chictak, do you?"

MacDonald's brows knit.

"I would rather see her dead," he said fiercely.

After a time he rose, and opening a large Scotch chest which stood in one corner, he spread its contents before Fraser—priceless buffalo robes, skins of mink, otter, ermine and marten, and a bale of a dozen black fox skins like sable velvet.

"She will not be poor, my Islay," he said with pride, and shut the chest.

But Fraser's words had bitten deep, and the next morning, to everyone's surprise, he announced his intention of accompanying the survey party back to Edmonton.

"And maybe it will be bonnie Scotland to that," he added. "I've long promised Islay to show her the Firth of Clyde."

That night the moon shone brililantly, and Fraser, glancing out of the window, saw Islay and Cameron walking back and forth along the bank of the river. He sighed a little. "If I were twenty years younger I'd give Harry a run for his money myself. That's a bonny lassie." Turning, he caught a glimpse of Chictak's face, also intent on the pair, with a smouldering gleam of hatred in his eyes.

"I'm glad we're leaving soon," he thought. "Yon Indian's no canny customer."

Presently Harry entered alone, and Fraser glanced up quickly.

"Where's Miss Islay?"

"Gone towards the toolhouse with Chictak. He came up and said he had some ermine skins for her," Cameron responded. "Fraser, she's a girl in a thousand." But Fraser paid no heed.

"With Chictak?" he repeated "I'll be stepping that way myself, then. Chictak was in here a moment ago looking like a thundercloud." Even as he moved towards the door there came a muffled scream and a swift pad of moccassined feet.

"Quick, Harry! To the river!" he cried, and started in swift pursuit of a dim figure already well down the path to the bank. Weighted with Islay's form, the Indian could not long keep in advance of Fraser's rush. Dropping his burden a few yards from the river, he crouched and, as Fraser came on, sprang like a wildcat upon him. There was a flash of a knife in the moonlight, and Fraser fell. But Harry was at his heels, his revolver spitting fire across the darkness, and Chictak saw that the game was up. Leaping aside, he flung himself into his canoe. Another shot, and he doubled up with a yell. But he recovered, and raising himself, flung his knife unerringly at his enemy. Harry dodged, but too late, and with blood pouring from a ragged graze on his forehead, he bent blindly down to loosen Islay's bonds.

An hour later MacDonald summoned his daughter to the room where Harry leaned back against the settle, bandaged and gory, while Fraser, with a bad cut in his shoulder, lay at length on an improvised cot. Harry held out his arms eagerly as Islay came in, and with one shy glance at her father, she ran quickly to her lover and buried her face in his shoulder.

MacDonald turned away.

"It iss come, and cannot be helped." he murmured in a queer choked voice. With hands that shook, he took down bottle and glasses from the cupboard.

"And now, we will all drink to your ferry good healths," he said with dignity.

The Price of a Tunic

By G. F. Carruthers

THIS is a "Tale of a Uniform," and it commenced away back in the sixties, in dear old Toronto.

James Barnes commanded a battery of garrison artillery, and when in 1871 Providence and a concatenation of other circumstances decided that he should follow Horace Greeley's advice and "go west," he determined to take with him as a souvenir of many pleasant associations his captain's uniform. For some years after reaching Winnipeg, or Fort Garry, as it was called in those days, the uniform lay in his trunk unheeded. No opportunity offered—not even a skating rink carnival—to display it again. Apparently its splendor was doomed in obscurity to become the prey of festive moths.

Barnes married and settled down to the duty of home building, for the time things military being forgotten. How little do things animate or inanimate know what fate has in store for them. It is a common experience of everyday life that when circumstances all appear to point the adverse way, the tide turns and the man who has been struggling in the depths is again on top and the envy of his confreres. Even an old uniform may come to the front again and bravely play its part in the passing pageant.

The news leaked out amongst the inhabitants of the little frontier town that Barnes was the proud possessor of an artillery officer's uniform. You must bear in mind that those were the days of small things, when items of interest were scarce, and even the fact that a man has advertised for sale a swallow-tailed coat occasions a lengthy controversy and the exchange of much small wit between the two papers of the settlement. What wonder then that a military uniform should become an object of interest and eventually that it should come to the ears of one of the officers connected with the Winnipeg Field Battery?

This gentleman happened to be short on a full dress tunic. but long on acres out west in the vicinity of the present site of Brookside, and it occurred to him to offer in exchange for Barnes' tunic a portion of his real estate. Being before the days of the artist in "pin point" suburban lots, he had his property subdivided into good honest five acre plots, and one of these he offered for the coveted garment, with the result that a change of ownerships was promptly effected.

The land not being considered of much value; Mrs. Barnes says it naturally was presented to her, and the matter gradually passed from mind. The years rolled by, and the hamlet of Fort Garry became the city of Winnipeg, and in 1881 had increased to some 18,000 souls. The air was full of rumors of railway and other projects; people were pouring into the country as fast as the river steamer and stage coach could bring them; land values were soaring upward, due to the impression fast becoming rooted in men's minds that the rest of the world was only waiting the advent of the steam horse to empty itself into the Red River valley; in fact, the memorable boom of 1881-2 was in full swing.

One morning in the spring of 1881 Barnes and his wife were awakened by their Irish Biddy knocking at the door and saying, "If ye plaze, sorr, there's a man at the dure wishes to see ye." Visions of an importunate creditor flashing across his brain, the domestic was instructed to send the man away, telling him to call at the office in about two hours' time. Biddy

promptly returned with the laconic statement that "he'd wait till the master got up." So, accepting the inevitable with as good a grace as possible, Barnes got up and went down stairs with some inward perturbation of mind. In the drawing room he found his man, not the creditor suggested by a guilty conscience, but a complete stranger, decidedly respectable and thoroughly inoffensive. The conversation commenced by Barnes being interrogated as to the ownership of five acres of land up on Logan Avenue. The transaction of some years previous already alluded to having completely escaped his memory, Barnes disclaimed any knowledge of land in that locality and intimated that his visitor must have been misinformed. The visitor insisted, however, that he did own the land, or that at any rate it was registered in his name. The memory of the "uniform" transaction was then presented by his subconscious mind as a possible solution. After all there might be a scintilla of truth in the assertion, and inasmuch as Mrs. Barnes owned some land, possibly in the direction named, he requested the object of the inquiry.

The stranger stated that he wanted to buy and would like to know the price. Thinking that nothing less than an oil well or a coal mine could have started a man out before seven in the morning on such a quest, Barnes thought it advisable to spar for time in order to make inquiries, and asked his visitor to call the following day for his answer. In the meantime investigation failed to discover anything beyond the fact that the land sought for was indeed the *quid pro quo* for the uniform, and that beyond being good dry prairie, fit for market garden purposes, had no other value discernible to the naked eye. A family council being held on the matter, it was decided to ask $250 an acre, or $1,250 cash for the plot—the Barnes household feeling quite confident that the man would never pay the price, but that it would leave a margin in which to come down.

The next day the visitor promptly returned, and upon being informed of the decision, at once handed over $50 to bind the bargain, and stated that the balance would be forthcoming as soon as the deed was prepared and the title passed. Immediately Barnes and his wife were seized with vague misgivings that they had got the worst of the bargain. You know how it is when one's terms are acceded to over readily. The price you were almost afraid to ask a half-hour ago at once seems absurdly low, and you think that there must be some intrinsic merit apparent to the purchaser, overlooked by you, but which if you had had sense enough to discover would have warranted a demand for twenty-five or even fifty per cent. more than you have received.

However, it was no use indulging in vain regrets; a bargain's a bargain; so the deal was completed, the money paid over and Mrs. Barnes made the richer by the amount of the purchase price. Come to think of it, $1,250 was not a bad figure for a second-hand captain's uniform, was it?

Now for the sequel. Twelve months afterwards Barnes was stopped by his man on Main Street, and offered the five acres back at the same price paid for them, the purchaser having been unable to do anything with the land and being somewhat embarrassed for ready money would like to have his shekels back in his pocket once more. Barnes regretfully declined the offer, as Mrs. Barnes had long ago put the money where it would do most good. But a feeling of satisfaction crept over him, however, owing to the conviction that at least honors were easy and that the good wife had received about all that was coming to her out of the old uniform deal.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

A LITERARY JUDGMENT

THE appearance of the "Life of John Oliver Hobbes" has sent many little stories of Mrs. Craigie going on that curious journey termed "the round of the Press." Among these is that of a literary judgment pronounced by Mrs. Craigie upon certain authors in a letter of hers to Mr. Lewis Hind. It is a startling judgment, and so excited a London print that it offered a few prizes for the three best essays on the subject. John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) wrote regarding vulgarity in writing.

Of course, Thackeray is vulgar—atrociously so, often. As a satirist he is vulgar in the sense that Horace, Pope, Voltaire and Dryden are *not* vulgar. Jane Austen writes about vulgar people, but she is never one of them. That is why she is more often praised than read.

Browning was neither 'refined' nor 'vulgar.' He wrote as a poet—not as a candidate for popularity. Flaubert was a man of diseased genius. He was vicious—never vulgar.

De Maupassant was also diseased, but he was not a genius, and he *was* vulgar.

Handel is vulgar. Bach and Palestrina are not. Wagner has desecrated every beautiful phrase in the great masters.

Velasquez is not vulgar. Whistler is not vulgar. Dr. Arnold was not vulgar. But Matthew Arnold was vulgar. Burns was not vulgar. Carlyle was a little vulgar. Froude was not vulgar, Motley was not vulgar. Macaulay was not vulgar. Johnson was not vulgar. Addison was vulgar.

William Morris—vulgarity itself.
Spenser—not vulgar.
Dickens—not vulgar.
Lord Lytton—rather vulgar.
Stevenson—vulgar, very.
Macdonald—not vulgar.
Ibsen—diseased, not vulgar.

Of the prize-winning essays, the writers of the first and second presume that by vulgarity, Mrs. Craigie meant "self-consciousness, pose, mannerism"—the attitude of the Superior Person. When we come to think of it, we can all find—or rather feel—this attitude in Carlyle, Thackeray, and William Morris, in Wagner—predominantly, but many of us will fail to find an unpleasing self-consciousness in beloved Robert Louis Stevenson. The last essay, written by a woman, evades the question by dipping into the personality of Mrs. Craigie herself. We are told that she loathed snobbishness,—detested pretence—abhorred the poet, author, artist or musician who pandered to the popular taste. Herself noble of mind, a woman burnt in the purifying fire of suffering, and lonely as are few human souls, she could not bear anything savouring of sham or affectation. Hypocritical virtue she despised more than honest vice. She saw always—

as the essayist well puts it—"the fly in the amber." Alas! There is little amber without its fly—in the modern literary world at all events—but let us be thankful that flies are small things and there is much room for sunshine in the block of amber—why, then, let the fly disturb us? If Thackeray was a vulgar, posing Superior Person, he gave us Dobbin and the dear old Colonel Newcombe. If Wagner tore sections of music from every master, he gave us a magnificent combination of them all, sanctified by his own great, brooding, passionate spirit. If Carlyle created his own tremendous style, he gave us in his French Revolution a book throbbing with life, with the wild rage of mobs, the dull rolling of the tumbrils—pages splashed with blood-drops and thrilling with cries of Liberty. Let the fly lie undisturbed in a corner of amber that glows with such tints of gold and crimson.

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THE MODERN OLD LADY

"ARE there any old ladies nowadays?" is a question that has awakened a good bit of comment since I put it in my pack.

And while the old question remains and will be asked—no matter what the conditions—until there are no more women, young or old, left in the world, we must consider the subject in the aspect of to-day. Long ago a woman, married and a mother, was considered old at thirty-seven, and a candidate for caps at forty, and eligible for the chimney corner at forty-five. A single girl was "getting to be old maidish" at twenty-four—one reason why they married off all the girls as soon after fifteen as they could—and was a "real old maid" at twenty-eight, and to this day that same beautiful age is considered rather a "stale" one for a girl in certain parts of rural Ireland. Think of the young woman of thirty-five to-day! She is as brisk—and why not?—as any girl of twenty and three times as wise and efficient and interesting. Think of the woman of forty, busy with her growing family, her housekeeping, her social duties—one eye on the vote and the other on the husband. Take the woman of fifty, well groomed, active, keen as to her dress and appearance, and showing the effect of the good care taken of her skin and figure, as well as that resulting from her interest in life. She has her clubs, her charities, her duties to her friends and neighbours, her hobby of writing or gardening and a thousand and one activities which were unknown to her sisters of even one generation ago. The world is certainly growing younger all along the way despite the jokes of time and Dr. Osler.

If having old ladies means that once a woman's children are home from school, their mother must scrape the hair away from her temples, screw it into a knob behind, put on cap and spectacles, wear black or sober colours made in elderly fashion, and slop as to figure—why, better be without old ladies.

Sit in a corner, and the world leaves you there just as it does when you weep. Get out and dust and you can take your share of the racket till you drop. Keep up while there is a gallop or a trot in you, and move with the world, minding your health and your looks, living hopefully, strongly, with every ounce that is in you, and going out when the call comes with a smile. Whatever you do, you may be sure of two things: that your dearest woman friend who professes to know your age, your past and your present, will add just as many more years to your record as her elastic conscience will permit, and that some writer in some journal or another will be asking fifty odd years from now—as in 1855—"Are there any old ladies left nowadays?"

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THE COSTERMONGERS' BALL

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER, the laureate of the costers, would have been proud to see his proteges foot it to "fiddle and lute and big bassoon" at the annual ball in Limehouse Hall in old London town. But Mr. Chevalier was travelling in Canada, and, moreover, had he been present he would hardly have recognized 'Liza and her "Pearlie." Hobble skirts and high-heeled golden slippers

were the order of the night among the "'Lizas"; correct claw-hammer and white tie disguised her "'Arry." The dowagers who lined the hall were resplendent in velvet and brocade and diamonds. Fingers hardened by work were rigid with jewelled rings. They would be nimble enough over the stalls down Whitechapel way in the morning. Yonder raven-haired Jewess flaunting her hobble skirt of glistening satin will don, to-morrow, the red and blue dress and marvellous hat shaggy with feathers and cry her fruits and vegetables in Lime'us Hole, while her partner, that splendid young fellow in pumps, with the big blazer in his shirt-front and the greasy curl on his brow, will push his barrow or "shallow" down some East End purlieu, lustily hawking his wares the while. To-morrow, that ancient dowager with the diamond earrings and rope of pearls, who sits like a duchess in her sumptuous, velvet gown will haggle with the best of them over a bunch of carrots in the Old Kent Road—but they are Kings and Queens, Dukes and Princesses, this one night in all the year. Chevalier could travel among them from dark to dawn without recognizing even his famous Old Dutch. Well, why not? Every dog owns one day in the year.

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THE EDITOR: AN OFFICE SKETCH

HE was a man you respected infinitely, and he had the power of making you the more loyal the more he swore at you. Not that he swore in the literal sense, but he used vigorous language—and he knew men and their powers and could wake the best that was in them. His sharp, quick command, his alert "Why not? Why can't you?" snapped out like a pistol shot, made you feel foolish if you hadn't an answer to pot him with. He was not a tall man, but yet he was big physically as well as mentally. His brows, graying now, beetled over gray-blue eyes hard as steel, yet with depths behind them. He was a man a woman would love madly, and respect respectfully. He was a newspaper man to the core—an artist in the news-gathering and news-editing sense, and he had the Napoleonic power of getting the very best out of his men and getting it cheerfully and with something which looked very

TO-MORROW THAT ANCIENT DOWAGER WITH THE DIAMOND EARRINGS AND ROPE OF PEARLS WILL HAGGLE WITH THE BEST OF THEM OVER A BUNCH OF CARROTS IN THE OLD KENT ROAD

like love—or affection—if the tamer term suits you. If he wanted you, and you were fractious, or timid, or discouraged, his tact, his patience, his gentleness were amazing. He got you thinking—"This is a man I would like to work for—I want to work for—I will work for!" He had you before you were aware of it! And then you wanted to work for him and "show" him, since he was of the kind from Missouri. And once he got his men

he kept them. How? Because he never "sweated" a good man, or failed to appreciate work that counted. Because he was honourable in his dealings—just as God—and above all because if need were, he fought for his men with his back to the wall.

He was the sort of man to whom you would say—"I'll fight you to a finish if you don't treat me right, but I'll work for you like a dog if you do."

That sums him.

THE CHAIN OF MYSTERY

MYSTERY has a great attraction for the human family. If life ended here and we had nothing to wonder at and guess about, life would lose a good deal of its interest. We are forever asking—why? wherefore? when crushed by grief, or in pain or sorrow. We hurl our unending queries at the great gates of a world beyond our ken—of which indeed some of us are none too sure, and hear but the hollow mocking echo. Why was the dear little child taken—the young man in his proud strength—the gentle little girl? Why this awful holocaust of poor workers burnt up in some factory fire, this loss of life by train or shipwreck—all the agony and pain of the world? In mad anguish we literally beat at the doors of God demanding why He did this, asking if indeed He be there at all.

Apart from this former lasting mystery of whence we came and whither we go, we are interested in a profound degree in commoner little mysteries. This is what drives some people to the spiritualistic seance and others to the fortune teller, and the palm-reader. Everyone knows how the newspapers count on the graphology column to increase circulation. To have one's character read by one's writing and through an unknown—who, by the way, knows as much about it as you or I, good friend—is a cause of excitement to some innocent souls; it lends a little zest to some monotonous existence. It is the mystery—as well as the chance—which is attached to gambling in every form which so strongly attracts humanity. If there were no riddles, no card-playing or betting on the ponies, no fortune telling, no other world to guess and wonder about—the old world would be a duller place than it is.

THE MAN WHO COULD READ THE STARS

THEY tell us that Celts are particularly superstitious, in other words, fond of mystery and of diving into the same. After all, superstition—apart from creeds and religions—is but Fairyland, and he who would deprive the oldest child of us all of his bit of fairyland is indeed a churl. Being an "out and out" Celt is perhaps one reason why the writer has cherished her fairyland, and hies to it occasionally when the sane and sensible world with its practical people chafes her soul. Be this as it may, the man who could read the stars was a boon companion of childish days—those darling hours of fancy and faith which all too soon slip away into fairy wreaths of mist. What matter is it that he was a little "quare in his head"; wouldn't you be if you knew as much as he did? He was long and lean and wild and a shoemaker, and every year he was visited by the Phooka, who is the Fairies' cobbler.. He was a sour faced "ould" man who brooded and stalked through life, and little had he to do with his neighbours, who were afraid of him, if the truth were told. But the children loved him, and he was never without two or three of them about him. His faith in God and the Virgin Mary was exquisite in its direct simplicity, and he counted himself as the "Keeper of the Stars that hung over Ireland." To all other stars, if there were any—(he used to shake his head over England in regard to celestial bodies)—he was indifferent. Those above Ireland he could read from O'Rion to O'Regulus.

"Well, Shamus," a neighbour would say, "and how are the stars wid ye tonight, man? Does there be anny marriages or births or deaths prog-nosed up there?"

"Whin the glory of the heavens is bare, the eyes of little potatoes should close up," Shamus would answer, and

away he would stalk. He had little respect for anybody, barring the priest, had Shamus. The schoolmaster he detested, and whenever they met at gatherings he would "draw down" more talk of stars and suns and moons than the wisest astronomer had ever heard of. The schoolmaster would laugh, and then Shamus would go dancing mad. "Damn him," he'd say, "I'd forgive him if he'd rise his hand to me, but he only looks at me like as if I wor a quare ould picther he'd seen somewhere an' forgot where." The one thing Shamus couldn't forgive was not being taken seriously.

There was an "Omadhaun" lived near Shamus who was a great trial to him. The fool had an idea that some day the sun and moon would clash together and the stars would start a faction fight and ruin entirely would fall upon Ireland, and every time he met Shamus he would ask him when this would be likely to happen. Then the stars would fall in earnest—at least, the Omadhaun saw many.

WHAT MATTER IS THAT SHAMUS WAS A LITTLE "QUARE IN HIS HEAD"—WOULDN'T YOU BE IF YOU KNEW AS MUCH? BUT THE CHILDREN LOVED HIM, AND HE WAS NEVER WITHOUT TWO OR THREE OF THEM ABOUT HIM

But the children understood old mad Shamus, and believed him when he said he was the Shepherd of the sky-sheep and that it was in the Moon the Fairies slept every night when they were tired after dancing on the green rath.

. . . . . .

NORMAN NERUDA

WHEN Lady Halle died the other day a great artist left the world. I remember being taken to hear her when I was a little girl to whom a violin was just a fiddle, the same instrument that old Mickey O'Neill used to play at the cross roads at home in Ireland every Sunday evening. I'm afraid if art entered into the world of that wild little girl at all it was spelled with a very small "a," and looked at as something that only mad people talked about. Putting a fat brown pony over jumps he hated was the main occupation of that young person's life. Music, which meant endless exercise on a fearful old piano specially kept for the pounding of youngsters, was a despised accomplishment, as were

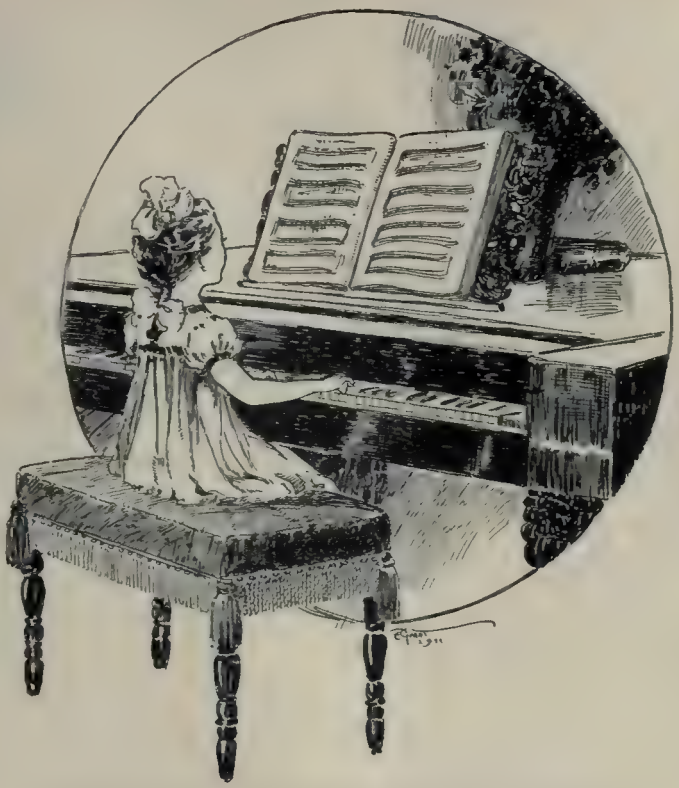
fancy work and French. The little girl's outstanding recollection of that first Norman Neruda concert therefore, is of a stately, slender woman gowned in leaf-brown velvet, who stood alone on a platform and played the fiddle very differently and not quite so well as Mickey O'Neill. There was much whispering among the elders about her "bowing," her technique and other different things, including a remark that Royalty was present, and that the old Duchess of Buchan's bonnet was a disgrace to the Peerage, and that even Mrs. O'Dowd, of Dowdstown, County Mayo, wouldn't appear at church in such a dusty affair, and everybody knew Mrs. O'Dowd turned her ribbons each season. So the beautiful music was forgotten, and only these small and tawdry things remembered about that first sight of Norman Neruda years ago in old London.

But there were other Neruda concerts in later years, and the memory of that divine and gentle playing rose in the soul like some splendid echo of a music that had once thrilled through its mystic corridors, when the word came that the great player had passed away. Unlike Joachim or Sarasate, Neruda (Lady Halle) made music of her own. Appealing music, sweet, tender, classical—one had almost written "well-bred" music—light and graceful at times, at others filled with strength and feeling, the spirit of a fairy seemed to live in her little brown violin. Perhaps her arms were round and beautiful, her "bowing" graceful, her "technique" perfection—the little girl remembers the beautiful velvet dress, Lady Buchan's dusty bonnet, Royalty—vague term!—somewhere in the dim background, but the woman remembers the exquisite music and the thoughts that it awoke in one human soul, and which are echoing there vibrant and clear and beautiful to-day.

. . . . . .

TWA DOGS

HE was an ordinary looking old gray dog, and he was loping along the principal street of the town without

muzzle or lead and breaking the by-law with all the pleasure in the world. What were police and the pound and his master in court with his hand in his pocket ready to pay the fine, to him? What, indeed? Along he loped, barking occasionally as any dog would do on a nice day. Suddenly he dashed across a little city park, smashing the tulips with the greatest ease in the world in his wild pursuit of an automobile which held two women and was followed by a big sturdy Airedale. The auto tooled on, but the dogs stopped dead, then slowly began to circle each other. The auto dog sniffed contemptuously at the old Bedlington, who returned the compliment with all the haughty reserve of an Englishman. He wasn't afraid of any man, Scotch or Irish, for such "was beneath his notice." So he looked away while he stood his ground. The Airedale was getting excited. His hackles were slowly rising and his long upper lip was quivering. With the tail of his dark eye ever on his adversary, the gray dog took on an ugly look. At this moment up came the car, the women calling, the chauffeur whistling. The Airedale threw one furious look to his adversary, turned and leaped up into the tonneau through the open door of the car, and away dashed the auto.

MUSIC MEANT ENDLESS EXERCISE ON A FEARFUL OLD PIANO SPECIALLY KEPT FOR THE POUNDING OF YOUNGSTERS

It would be impossible to describe the manner of the old gray dog as he surveyed the proceeding. He was thinking—"Gee, I wuz getting ready to fight that guy and he turns out to be a real swell. What d'ye make o' that?"

And as the auto sped on its way the Airedale, from the tonneau, cast a look of infinite contempt on his late rival. He was saying internally—"My! I very nearly soiled my paws with that tramp. As if I couldn't sweep the street with a cheap mutt like that! Golly, I wish these women would stop huggin' me—makes a fellow look foolish!"

AN APOSTLE OF THE SQUARE DEAL

RECENTLY, an account came to our desk of a banquet in Springfield, Massachusetts, at which William A. Whitney was the guest of honor, the occasion being the thirtieth year of his association with one of the largest strings of agricultural papers in the United States—a string of papers in which Canada has been represented fairly for years.

"There may be silver in the blue-black—all I know of is the iron and the gall," said Kipling long ago, warning us away from the ink-pot in the days when he was young and correspondingly cock-sure of everything. Whether he has found reason to change his judgment with the years is not told, but at least we in Canada have reason to be grateful for ink, and for unprejudiced editors on the other side of the line who have taken the trouble to tell in their columns the truth about Canada.

WILLIAM A. WHITNEY
Of the Orange Judd publications

Among these the name of Mr. Whitney, who is one of the owners of the Orange Judd publications, stands out notably. "The Orange Judd Farmer," "The American Agriculturist," "The New England Homestead," "and The Northwestern Farmstead" comprise this list of publications, and in addition to these, Mr. Whitney is closely associated with "The Dakota Farmer" and "Farm and Home." In all of these papers Canada has always been given a square deal. Mr. Whitney is a firm believer in the square deal, and in all his business relations persists in being fair to everybody as far as a fallible mortal can be. Several years ago the editor of CANADA MONTHLY induced him to visit Western Canada and see for himself what the country had to show. Since that time he has repeatedly and consistently stated the truth about Canada, refuted various false statements about frozen norths and returning Yankees, and in all of his publications has given an accurate and unbiased statement of Canada's resources.

Ink of this sort is Canada's best friend, and to Mr. Whitney and others of his stamp we owe a debt.

THAT JAPANESE STORY

WE have a peculiarly pleasant bit of reading in store for you in our August number—in "The Half-Caste," by Hilda Virginia Jones, which was postponed from our June issue to August in order to secure drawings worthy of the text. It will appear next month with illustrations by Frederic M. Grant, and will give you a glimpse of the Japan that Mrs. Jones knows well and understands more intimately than most Occidentals.

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT

THE death of Sir William S. Gilbert created a vacancy that may never be filled—that time alone can close or heal. For the position he occupied was peculiar and apart in the story of literature and the theatre. It was less his power over literary form than his keen perception of shams or absurdities

in society, the arts, or politics, and his extraordinary gift in satire, that commended him to fame and endeared him to the world. In his dramas he was untrue, because he showed us human nature with the skin off. Divested, that is, of the finer integuments—a set of pictures momentarily diverting, but unenduring by reason of their essential injustice. Not that he was incapable of tenderness, for one of his plays, a beautiful bit in two short acts, touched a deeply sympathetic chord, and still lives in the libraries, though its form shuts it out from the stage of to-day.

"The Bab Ballads" first brought him into general notice. This delightful, unsentimental, altogether brilliant book stands to-day as the most unerring touchstone of character, wherever you go. You are fairly safe in making friends with those who like it. Those who do not may be honest, may be good; but there is no maybe whatever about their being dull, and always a chance that they share the qualities ascribed to those who have no music in their souls. The little pictures in the earlier editions disclosed a most unusually deft hand, for they were his own pen and ink drawings, and something new in the art of illustration, ranking fully up to Sir John Teniel at his best, though in another domain.

But in the books that were his part of the work done in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan, he manifested a spirit amounting to genius; and as a master of quaint, pungent or startling rhyme, he set a mark out and away above and beyond anything ever reached before his day. The work of these two men in welding pure and sweet music with fine but antipathetic satire was almost marvelous in its perfection. Their operas are a lasting monument, as nearly time proof as any production of the human brain possibly can be.

No English versifier, not even Tennyson, had a surer sense of the melodic value of words. Take Bunthorne's "O, Hollow" for an illustration of that.

"What time the poet hath hymned
The writhing maid, lithe limbed,
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,
How can he paint her woes,
Knowing, as well he knows
That all can be set right with calomel?

Could anything be more liquid than those lines? Not a harsh consonant in them, hardly a sibilant, but instead pure, open vowel sounds. It is a gem, set in quaint fretwork, a jewel of English—and a joke.

This curious skill contrasts with another equally curious in the jugglery of perfectly good words into laughable rhyme, thrown at some foible of poor humanity. As when General Stanley sings of himself in "The Pirates of Penzance":

"About binomial theorem I'm teeming with
a lot of news,
And many cheerful facts about the square
of the hypothenuse."

Or when the sentry in Iolanthe sings that:

"When all night long a chap remains
On sentry go, to chase monotony,
He exercises of his brains—
That is, assuming that he's got any"

And afterward, contemplating the tower of Big Ben, tunefully tells that:

"When in that house M. P.'s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em
to."

The temptation to run on is very great, but the whole matter may be summed up in the statement that Sir William was a wit, a caustic wit of the first order, and not in the real sense a humorist. If he had been less of the first and more of the second he could have matched with Thackeray, perhaps overtopped him As it stands, his work was unlike any other man's, and its effect, broadly speaking, was for the betterment of the time he lived in and the times to come. His voyage through life left behind him a wake of wholesome laughter, that bubbles yet, and always will. He was a great man, whose mantle would smother anyone on whom it might fall. Let us be thankful that he lived, even while we grieve for the loss of him.

"PLINK-PLINK, plunk! . . . . Plink-plink, plunk! . . . Wah-hah-oo-oo-wah-oo-wow! . . . Plink-plunk, plunk-plink!"

That's the St. Denis Egyptian orchestra.

"B-r-r-r-r-r . . click!"

That's the curtain.

"O-o-o-o-ooh!"

You couldn't blame the audience. The scene unfolded reminded one of a Turkish bath. Scantily-clad Nubian slaves skipped about serving equally negligée noble Egyptians. Two priests bore a lugubrious mummy across the banquet-hall. Ra, Toth, Tum and Sennacherib dined; and from the shelter of a curtain appeared Ruth St. Denis, the barefoot dancer, in a costume that a graduate of a good missionary training school would consider highly improper even in the jungle.

"Plink-plink, . . plunk!"

"L'arr" is a queer article. In its name this season Miss Ruth St. Denis has conceived, staged and presented three Egyptian dances, "The Feast of Eternity," "The Veil of Isis" and "The Festival of Ra." The dim temple of Isis with flaring orange flames against the blue-grey of the shrine and the veiled, immutable goddess within is an unforgettable picture; and the costume revealed with her unfolding veil is one of lightning and stars and the metallic rainbows of carborundum. And the "Festival of Ra"—but more of that later.

As a whole, the Egyptian dances, with the exception of part of "Isis," were not so colorful or so poetic as those of India of which the Nautch, the Purda and the Cobra are beautiful examples. One might go far to see anything more curiously exotic than the Cobra dance, where the dancer, seated on a dais, impersonates both charmer and serpents with gliding, darting arms and jewel sparks from her fingers like the flashing of wicked eyes.

Miss St. Denis is not so much of a dancer as a mistress of plastic poses. She does not attempt to reproduce Genée's twinkling toes or the leaping flame of the Russian dancers' movements, or the kicking tactics of Tootsie Toddles. Rather, she gives pose after lovely pose, uses color effects to a marvel, and often produces results of remarkable beauty.

Yet the audience yawned. In the next row sat two fat-necked gentlemen who exhaled an odor of highballs. On the stage "The Festival of Ra" was weaving its symbolic spell wherein was represented the rising and passing of nations and men with the dawn, the glory and the fading of day. Imperceptibly the golden glow of noon drooped, the sky shadowed, darkened, the music hushed. One by one the dancers silently disappeared, and the goddess remained alone. Bluer and bluer grew the evening sky, and with the last red level ray upon her hair she drifted to earth and lay again upon the tomb whence she had arisen.

Photo by Moffett

EMMY WEHLEN

Who since leaving her native Vienna, has mastered English, sung the role of *The Merry Widow* in London, played in a Gaiety success and has recently been appearing in *Marriage a la Carte*

"She's dedt now," said Abie.

"Vell, she earned der money."

"Ya. Der oldt girl cashed in. . . . Vat you say we go have a drink?"

"L'arr?"

What's the use, anyhow?

THERE have been more red trousers on the stage this last month than susceptible feminine hearts have any right to expect. "The Seven Sisters" was resplendent with Bohemian captains in scarlet nether

Photo by Moffett MARJORIE WOOD

A piquant and clever little actress whose comedy work has attracted a good deal of favorable comment. She was billed to appear as the star of *Next*, Rida Johnson Young's comedy, but the play has been put off until cooler days

garments and the glory of clinking swords. "Madame Sherry," in which Lina Abarbanell plays the clever little convent girl, is adorned by a pair of them, on a dashing masculine heart-breaker, and now in "Mlle. Rosita" they reappear on Lieutenant Prosper de Merimee and his military friends with bewildering profusion.

"Mlle. Rosita" is Fritzi Scheff's new offering, built by Joseph and Victor Herbert especially for the trim-figured and piquant star. Extravagant, light, jingly, with a wilful Shetland pony who

Photo by Moffett
FRITZI SCHEFF'S GOWNS FIT AS ALARMINGLY AS EVER IN *Mlle. Rosita*

eats roses dividing honors with Madame Scheff, it is hot-weather amusement of the airiest.

In the role of Rosita, the flower-girl, Madame Scheff is attractive and "cunning "as ever, though some of her winning ways are a trifle shiny at the edges. The gowns she wears are not up to the Scheff standard, though they still fit to an alarming degree, and as for the chorus, many good possible stage pictures are lost that, if the girls were properly chosen and less haphazardly gowned, would give a charming effect.

Altogether, "Mlle. Rosita" is tuneful and amusing, and will recover from some of its present hitches later in the season.

"BE firm," said the serpent to Eve, winkinghis off eye. "Stand up for your rights and don't let him scare you. It's the only way to manage a man, my dear." Wherefore the angel with the flaming sword and the clang of the closing gates; but the tradition is still with us, and on that tradition the new farce of "Little Miss Fix-It" is based.

There are few musical comedy actresses that can sing popular songs in a way to please popular fancy as Miss Nora Bayes can. Both she and Jack Norworth have the trick of amusing, and in this present farce they succeed well. In the character of Delia Wendell, Miss Bayes has on her hands a couple that are "almost engaged," another that are "almost married," and another that are "almost divorced" or, as the wife puts it, "on their way to Reno to be renovated." In spite of her own marital troubles with Billy, who has vanished after a connubial spat, Delia is certain that she can "fix it" and restore all of her disrupted guests to each other's arms and bliss. "Be firm," says she; "be firm—it's the only way to manage a man, my dear." And with one accord the bemused lovers follow her advice to endless complications, which in the last five minutes are all righted amid a gale of laughter.

The songs of the show are full of a swinging rhythm, whistly, singable, and without doubt will haunt streets and office buildings as "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" did a year or so ago. "Turn Out Your Light, Mr. Moon-Man," is an especial favorite, and "Months and Months and Months" has the double glory of being jiggy and conquering the bad reputation that

"months" has long had as an impossible rhyme-word among poets. True the song-writer brazenly pairs it with "once," but gets it across for all that. If Miss Bayes would only prune off some vaudeville tricks she has of shouting and "yawping," she would be much more charming, and she really ought not to be caught in such a dowdy frock as that she wears during the first act.

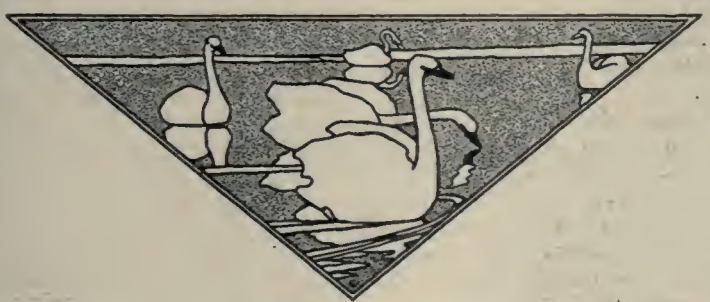
THE Hough-Adams combination has added to the summer season's gaiety with "The Heart-Breakers," in which Sally Fisher and George Damerel disport themselves merrily, with the assistance of a pretty chorus and some swinging songs.

Unlike most musical comedies, "The Heart-Breakers" has an indispensable plot with a real idea in it. Sworn to bachelorhood, a club of young men spend their lives in revenging trouserdom upon all flirts with distracting eyes and bewitching dimples and hearts as hard as the nether millstone. The records of the club are not in terms of strokes or sailings or highballs, but in the time each member takes to kiss a girl, and the number he has vanquished. Once kissed, the girl is of no more interest to member or club, and is, in the vernacular, "given the skids." But the club goes asunder over a certain charming millionaire's daughter, who has been brought up in ignorance of the other sex and of her own beauty, and to whose good graces the Master of the club himself falls a victim.

Miss Sally Fisher plays the role of the Girl, and George Damerel acts the Master as if he really believed in it. Her voice has improved greatly, and she sings "Some Golden Day" in a way that brings her encores to burn.

GEORGE ARLISS, who has made a real success of "Disraeli," at a luncheon given in his honor recently, told of some experiences in the days of his beginnings as an actor in a small theatre on the Surrey side of the Thames. One had to do with a little blustering, hectoring old tragedian of the general style and manner of the actor impersonated by Albert Chevalier in the song called "A Fallen Star." This tragedian, manager of the little company of which Mr. Arliss was a minor member, arrived one morning at a rehearsal in very bad humor, and at once started in to find fault with every member of the company. Mr. Arliss, knowing the old fellow's weakness, deftly inserted a remark concerning a compliment as to the days when the "boss" played "Hamlet. The vanity of the old codger at once asserted itself, and he raved on as follows, according to the chronicles of the star of "Disraeli":

"Yes, I was accounted a good Hamlet; but what I prided myself on was the ensemble. Ahhhhhh!—there was a cast! My nephew, a clever youth, was Laertes; my brother, now dead, was the ghost of Hamlet's father; my wife was Ophelia; her mother was Gertrude, the queen; and my ex-wife was the player queen. Yes, indeed!—that was a real cast!" And his name was not Cohan.



FLIGHTS OF FANCY

SLANG of the forceful kind is so readily absorbed into daily conversation that after a while it becomes a matter of fine distinction as to what is slang and what is not. Here is a sample that will remain classified:

A "supper show" actor was trying to make a dent in a tough piece of fowl with a dull knife. Not making any headway, he spied a bottle of catsup and said to the waiter:

"Slip me the liniment, will you, bo? This eagle has the rheumatism."

ONE ON THE JUDGE

LONDON is less agog over the coronation than over the new Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall," Sir Frank Newnes, the English publisher, said at a dinner recently where he was the guest of honor. "London is opening its eyes wide over the Club's swimming pool, gymnasium, barber-shop and Turkish bath—conveniences that your clubs have had from time immemorial.

"One of London's judges had an experience in a Turkish bath the other day," he said, "that the law courts are still laughing over. He tried the bath for the first time, having heard of its excellence in an article about the Royal Automobile Club, and the rubber's violence astonished him.

"The judge, prone on the wet slab, was beaten and thumped and pinched and prodded by the rubber beyond all reason. He stood it as long as he could. Then he groaned and said:

"'Is it (thump, bang) quite necessary (whack, bash, slap) to make me black and blue (crash) all over?'

"'Never you mind,' said the rubber, hauling off and giving the judge a terrific left-hander in the ribs, 'I know my business.' (Thud.)

"'Who are you?' asked the judge. 'Your face (bang) looks (crash) familiar.'

"'Oh, you remember me, do you?' growled the rubber. 'Well, blast yer buttons, mebbe ye won't be so ready next time to give me eight months for prize fightin'.'"

WESTON, JR.

A PROFESSOR of McGill, who has greatly endeared himself to the students on account of his kind-heartedness, has one particular failing—that of absent-mindedness.

He visited his married nephew a few days ago and had listened to the young wife's praise of her first born. The gentleman felt that he must say something to give the impression that he was interested.

"Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired quietly.

"Walk!" the mother cried indignantly. "Why, he has been walking for five months."

"Dear me!" the professor exclaimed, lapsing again into abstraction, "what a long way he must have got."